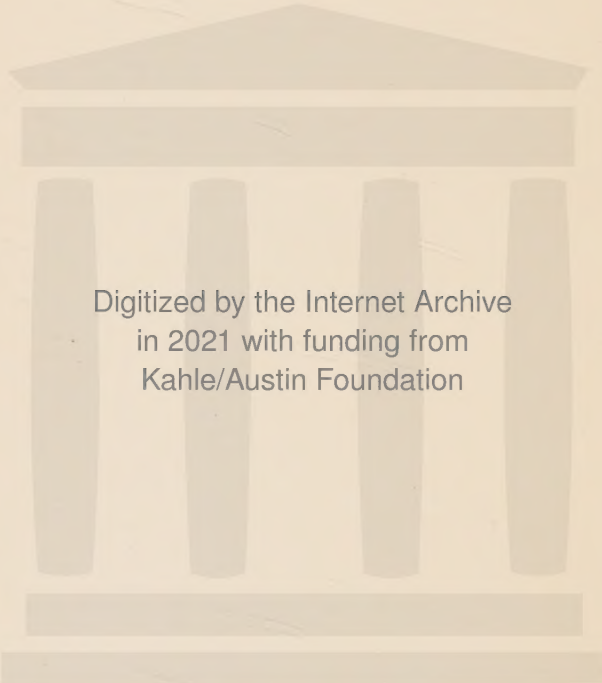


THE
INEXCUSABLE
LIE

HAROLD R. PEAT

The Hands
From Bernie,
Christmas, 1924

WC HD



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THE INEXCUSABLE LIE

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The
INEXCUSABLE LIE

BY

HAROLD R. PEAT
(“PRIVATE PEAT”)

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DEDICATION

In sincere endeavor to redeem
even in small degree

The promise made to my dead comrades of
1914-1918.

A WAR TO END WARS

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THE INEXCUSABLE LIE

CHAPTER I

A WAR HERO SPEAKS

““**O**H, please, please, my mother . . . my little children!’ But I did not give him time to finish his sentence, for with a vicious swing of my weapon I crushed his skull into a hundred bits.

“Ah, my friend, you wonder. I, Henri Defoe, am a murderer! I have killed seven men. It is not a dream. It is just as true as that the stars are in the heavens. I am a murderer. Yes, a self-confessed murderer, and yet I go free. No judge, no jury will ever convict me.

“They were all young—like myself—whom I killed. I did not want to kill them, no more than they wanted to be killed. I had no personal grievance against any of them, or they against me.

“The look of horror, the pleading in their

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eyes still haunts me as I think—and I cannot stop thinking—of the way I ripped out their hearts. Yet, I shall never be convicted. I, Henri Defoe, was a soldier—a *soldier*. I was what I had always longed to be, a soldier!

“I grieve now for the lives I took. Yet it is of record that I was a hero. The Marshal of France, the President of the United States, the King of England have spoken . . . their medals of honor are my medals of honor.

“Home-bordered avenues; green parks where little children play bear my name . . . for my everlasting honor, my honor, the honor of a murderer!—an unconvicted killer of men!”

My friend paused. But I saw that his thoughts went on. I did not interrupt. He turned to me.

“In eight years, *mon ami*, many, many have written of the War. Where is the man . . . ah! you have told of your experiences! . . . Why not tell, yes, you, tell in one great word the truth of War, the thoughts that follow; and cry out—cry out against all who teach the young to load and fire; to exalt the soldier and his trade; to sing the glories of War; and never a word of the bloody art of cutting throats?”

CHAPTER II

MYSELF

AND I asked myself the question: Can I? Dare I? Must I? For Wars to cease—for Peace to be. Yet who am I to solve a question of such import? Learned judges have failed,—governments, kings, scientists, bishops, ministers of the churches—how should *I* hope to succeed?

Perhaps there are too many theories of the why of War, I thought; too many statements, too many assertions that Wars must be; too many quick remedies to pluck out this or that outcrop of War, but none to pluck out the root.

“Economic ills!” shouts the follower of Karl Marx, “are the cause of War. Remove these ills! Use the pruning knife upon them!”

“Pull down the social structure!” cries the Bolshevik. And Russia stands starkly in the gloom.

Nations must bind themselves together, or there can be no Peace, say the followers of British thought.

There are disarmament plans and pledges.

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Panic arises if one nation trains an extra soldier beyond the quota of another. Fear, fear is the fundamental of all War. Do we want a reflex of fear, or do we not?

Prejudices are rife. Montesquieu says: "Knowledge humanizes mankind, and reason inclines to mildness, but prejudice eradicates every tender disposition." And, after all, prejudice must be the offspring of ignorance.

All judgments are biased. The nations are under the baneful influence of gossip—"they say and they say." Opinions are in a state of flux. The world is in a formative period. Surely now is the time, now the chance to tell the story of Defoe.

But I had not yet convinced myself that Wars could be avoided.

Since the world began, our lives have been bounded in walls of steel. Since man was, romanticists have surrounded him with fights and fighting. Freedom of people depended on fighting strength. Raids of the strong wiped out the weaker nations. War, War, War!

So long as nations have interests antagonistic one to the other, so long will misunderstandings continue. So long as greed, covetousness, envy, spite, revenge, contempt and

hate continue, just so long must man strive for expression by force.

Then, I argued to myself, the solution for Peace lies in world co-operation . . . co-operation on one point or on many points. The binding of the nations to prevent Wars means the life of civilization.

But the arguments advanced now for co-operation have flaws, else why the fact that all nations are sleeping with loaded guns under their pillows? There are those who will recreate the world by removing economic ills, those who will do it by co-operation, and those by isolation.

These things are building from the top—putting on a new roof, while the foundation rocks.

Peace must be won from a deeper source than economics, Leagues of Nations, and scraps of Treaty paper. These are temporary expedients.

Is there not a mentality of War? I wonder, does it not go down to the very heart and the soul of the individual? I wonder, to have Peace, permanent Peace, will it not first be necessary to organize the soul and heart of the nations for Peace? I wonder, to have Peace, will it not be necessary to teach the children

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Peace and not War? Work forward, build upward. We are a passing generation. We owe a debt to those we leave behind; we must liquidate the promise to those who have gone before.

To me that seems a solid base upon which to stand. I shall find out.

CHAPTER III

THE LITTLE CHILDREN

I TOOK up my pen again. To do the bidding of my friend seemed a life mission, and what could I write? The truth? I did not know the truth. Truth lies in facts, and I had only scattered facts. Memories of personal happenings? Why War was? What War is? Why War can be? These things I must know before I could do his bidding. So I took to the road—across the sea, that sea covering dead men, dead ships, dead secrets, dead hopes. I went to London, to Paris, to Rome, to Brussels. I wandered still farther—to Berlin, Petrograd, Moscow, Mespot, India of Buddha, India of Gandhi, old China, young Japan, New York, Chicago, Toronto. . . .

And I came back with mental pictures—impressions—facts; no statistics, no cold, hard calculations, but pictures of human factors; proofs, visions, dreams. Some love . . . much hate. A little joy . . . a lot of misery. A little faith . . . one uncontrovertible certainty and a great Hope.

I went to France. Here I take but one or two countries for illustration. How can one cover a world in a hundred pages? And I take but one or two scenes, as they impressed me most deeply.

France. The scene I witnessed reminded me a little of the picture of "The Gleaners." The setting was the same—a wide tilled field, brown earth, a shaft of reddening sun; the day far spent, the dusk falling; shade by shade a closing out of light. The figures were different, but the attitude somewhat like. They stooped—two women and a child, a boy child. They did not see me as I stood and watched them work,—hoeing, grubbing, weeding,—tiring work,—work that stretches the back and cramps the muscles. And as they worked neither of the women spoke until the child came shouting.

"See, *maman*, a flower! I have found a flower!" The child, four or five years old, ran waving his small trophy triumphantly. A buttercup.

The younger woman smiled faintly, but the older scowled.

"Flowers!" she cried. "Throw the things away. What want we of pretty things which grow where dead men fertilize the ground?"

Such bitterness, so uncontrolled, so tragic. I came nearer and as I got close she found it . . . the old woman found it. Her hoe crunched deep and hit against a hard substance. She hacked deeper without impression.

"Hey, Lucille, come you, help me!"

The women scooped out the earth together. Then the older one knelt down and pounced upon her find.

"Hey, you . . . what have we here? A skull . . . what would you?"

Her bony hands clawed earth from the fleshless sphere. Fingers scooped out pebbles from empty eye sockets.

"Look, look, behold, it is . . . surely yes, a squarehead. Bah! I spit upon you. . . ."

The beldame cursed and spat.

"Come, Lucille, call the child. Where is he? Bring him hither, that I may show him the rotting skull of our enemy . . . his enemy . . . Bah! Squarehead, *boche*, *cochons*!"

"But, *maman*!"

"Pooh, Lucille, you shiver. What has come over you? Do you want your son to be but a misery? Let him learn to hate as I hate . . . as his *grandpère* hates. Antoine, behold, the

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dead head of the *boche* . . . the enemy of your race."

But the boy was dancing over the turned earth in vain endeavor to catch a tiny moth, a white night moth. He did not heed the call.

I turned away. Shelter and food must be sought. The night fell fast.

A fitful light gleamed from the window of an *estaminet*. I entered. The place was clean, new built it seemed, for no fallen masonry marked the work of gun-fire. No shell holes tripped the unwary. The place seemed familiar, yet strange in its unwonted wholeness. I had sheltered there before.

The room was filled with men, and the noise of heated conversation vibrated. In the dim light it was difficult to distinguish faces, but presently I saw the crone who had scooped the gruesome treasure. She hobbled from table to table and was serving stew. I shuddered but needs must, and I also seated myself.

The old woman brought me food, and I did not see the younger woman. But a baby cried, a hungry cry. One knows the cries of babies when one becomes the parent also. I guessed the young woman to be the daughter-in-law. I was right. Her husband was the one-armed and one-legged man who sat at the cashier's

desk. He swept in the paltry coins with a nervous gesture. Men spoke with him. He only nodded in reply, and he never smiled.

"A stranger?" A man with grizzled hair seated himself at my table.

"Why, yes, in a way, but I've been here before."

"Hey, in War?"

"Yes . . . in War . . . Canadian."

He grasped my hand. "Good . . . Canadian. Are you come to help us again?"

"Again!"

"But, certainly. We are going to make the damned *boche* pay. We go to the Ruhr at this time, this very hour. *Hein*, but if I might go myself! But I see with but one eye, and that since '70. André, he at the desk, my son, cannot go, you see. And he"—the old man leant nearer—"he is, what you say, *touché*. He says, 'No more Wars, let there be Peace . . . live and let live. He says 'Do not have my son to kill.' *Touché* in truth. Enter!" he called suddenly in response to a clamorous knocking at the outer door.

Half a dozen youths came in heavily. They wore scattered pieces of uniform, carried bent and rusted weapons, but stepped martially and saluted smartly as they came.

"Enter. Come greet the Canadian. These are our schoolboys . . ." he turned to me again. "See, already soldiers," he whispered hissing; "we need them for the next."

But André, the crippled money-taker had blazed to life. He called sharply:

"Antoine!"

From the group of bigger lads, schoolboys, there came the tiny figure of the child of the fields.

"Mon père."

"Antoine, I forbid it. You must not play at soldiers. I will not have you kill, or become maimed yourself, broken. Behold me your father . . . Antoine!"

The cripple's voice broke as the child came running.

"What is a soldier, my papa? See the pretty flower . . . see! Gran'm'am would have me throw it away and dig a bone, but *maman*, she say 'Antoine, bring the flower to Papa . . . he has need of beauty.' And I ran, but the boys say, 'Stop and we will give you a bugle and a gun; make the dam' *boche* pay.' What is pay, papa? See the pretty flower. . . ."

The child held out a withered buttercup, then climbed to the unmutilated knee of the

father. They played together behind the grille of the paybox, and the cripple smiled.

After all, I said to myself as I climbed the steep, narrow stairway, after all, God did make the little children.

And then I came to Germany. I will try Berlin for this human factor; for if the peasantry are the beating pulse of France, town-folk are the life-throbs of industrial Prussia.

Germany is silent for the most part. Deep, congested, conserved silence. A silence portentous. The silence which conceals unmeasured volumes of sound. The stillness presaging storm. Militarism dies hard in Prussia . . . there is the subtle undercurrent of cataleptic monarchy.

But the factories were never stilled, and the storehouses were heaping merchandise. Printing presses roared as cascades of money dropped to the waiting pockets of those who must purchase by the million worth.

Sullen, that was it; something even more menacing than the restless marching devils that tantalize France . . . devils of hate, devils of revenge . . . very active devils. Here were devils too, quiet devils; dumb devils that prodded with sharp rods a stubborn people.

A man spoke to me as I drank a cup of purported coffee in an open garden.

"You British?" It was a question.

"Yes, Canadian," I answered.

"Come to gloat?" He spoke faultless, accentless English, and there was no antagonism in the tone.

"No, come to learn."

"Ha, so you would learn of us, you superior British, would you? Well, then. We're working, working, working. Revolution, toppled monarchy . . . newspaper stuff. We're working, curing, remaking, binding up the wounds . . . they heal quickly. Make us a pariah among nations, would they? Grind us down, beat us. All right, but let me tell you, we of Germany know how to wait." His look was malevolent, his reference unmistakable.

"Where did you learn English?" I asked.

"Prison . . . three years in Scotland. I took a correspondence course and talked with the guards. Oh, you British were very considerate, very, but all the same I was a prisoner. Yes, War. Next War, people won't be worried with prisons," he grinned disagreeably. "The scientists, all the world's scien-

tists are seeing to that. They won't need even graveyards."

And then I saw something which justified my hope. A small child, a girl. She trundled a tiny hoop along the side path. It rolled against the foot of my companion, and the child, perhaps four or five years of age, stopped abashed. Her lip trembled. She whimpered, cried. The German spoke.

"Why, mine little one . . . didst lose thy toy? Come, cry not. It is safe. I would not hurt it nor you. I will give it to you—see—come, I will find thine *mütter*."

He rose and took hold gently of the small, outstretched hand. The baby, little more, looked confidingly up to his face and crinkled a rosebud mouth to smiles.

I opened my worn notebook and at the dozen unwritten pages left white under the heading, "Germany," I covered one line and I wrote, "In all the world little children are the same."

Yes, it was so in every land. There was neither distinction of race, nor creed, nor color. The exhaustion of War was passing. The inertia of the masses was lifting. Guiding hands pointed to hatred, bitterness, rancor, distrust. Memories beat and throbbed to

echoes of drums and marching feet. Bugles sounded incessantly over new-made graves. Memory hearkened. And memory turned into written words upon the printing presses of the world. Youth reads, and then the old men are different. Not color, nor speech, stature nor weight makes the difference. It is upbringing, training, environment. Man's work alone has built the dividing line which maturity shows. Well, I have said, if man by training, thought direction, environment, can so change man to become an aggressive being, prone to bitterness, rancor, greed and strife, very plainly he can alter this training and lead the same tender-hearted entity upward to be a man of faithful, tender, loving character, brave with the bravery of good principle, prone to forget injuries and count up favors.

The printing presses copy the written down words of man's memories, and youth reads. But there are the children who cannot read, children who play with flowers, children who trundle hoops. Children weep, children smile, children laugh. In laughter or tears one race cannot be known from the other. The same universal plea of hunger, hurt, happiness is chanted to Nature's own harmonizing.

Thus, with the same building material there

must be a solution for the construction of mankind forever at cross purposes. I must travel further. The basis of character making has to be found. We must begin at the foundation.

CHAPTER IV

BOOKS

I WAS not entirely certain whether I had come upon the truth for my friend Henri. I must probe deeper, I told myself, go further . . . investigate, ask questions.

I went to England. I talked with Cockneys. I talked with old comrades of the War. I went North, into Yorkshire, Lancashire, Northumberland, to Edinburgh, Aberdeen. I heard nothing. The Briton does not voice antagonism. He seems too tired to advance opinions . . . War weary . . . Government ridden. For the moment he sounds no note of enterprise. He is not aggressive, rather he has returned to the passivity of the Victorian superior being. There is the tendency to stress the point that "blood and breeding tell"; to dwell upon the "anti" aspects of other nations.

But it was in England I thought of books—War and books. Novels, history, poetry,—here was another angle of my problem. Literature and fighting. Reading and world relationships.

I wandered through that extraordinary pur-lieu of Southeast London. Westmoreland Road is at its dead dullest in the morning, but it gave me time to turn over thoroughly the stack of old copies on the bookstall.

What do people read? What do young people read? The young masses? I pulled about some old papers. . . . "Dick the Blood" . . . "John Hansen, Murderer" . . . "Fighting Jim" . . . "The Girl Soldier." . . .

"Want something, mister?"

"Oh, just hunting through. Might have this, perhaps." I held up a copy, torn and dilapidated, but the title was clear—"The Fighting Fifth."

"Right y'are. Stranger 'ere?" The bookstall owner looked curiously at me.

"Just moseying round. I want to find out what people read, 'specially boys and girls . . . young people."

"Read? The boys go mad on this 'ere," he laid his hand on "Dick the Blood." "The girls wants love, but after a while they don't read no more."

And after a while they don't read no more!

So what are the great masses of people given to read while minds and characters are forming? Is there any oversight? Is there any

guidance? Is there anything beyond the crude censorship of the public library trustee? It is the mass of the people who count, and it is the mass of the people who can promote, or who can hold out against War. It is the vote of the mass that elects any country's government. And it is the inclination of the mass which sways the policies of the nations. Then, what guides the mass?

Memories—generations of memories; traditions, inherited thoughts, books.

The public library seemed the next step. What is provided for people to read who cannot buy books? Have Wars any foundation in books? How many people have read Gibbon and Green, and how few people have read Gibbs? Gibbs in his sane account of what War really means, modern War, or Gibbon as he no doubt believed truthfully recounts Wars and more Wars to the glory of the victor.

After all, War is a state of mind. Gibbs produces one state, Gibbon or Green another.

And the dominating heroes of all histories have been those of War. The dominating note of the histories of whatever nation is that of victory.

I walked up and down the lined shelves of the library. History . . . history . . . War.

Alexander the Great, Warwick the King-maker, Napoleon, Cæsar, Cromwell, Prince Charlie, Wellington, Nelson, Sherman, Washington. These were the popular figures. Boys molded their lives upon such figures and such reading. Hero to the average boy is synonymous with fighting.

I stepped to the shelves of romance, rhyme. Scott—and the air bristled with the pikes of bordermen and the skirl of the pibroch. Macaulay—and Horatius defied a mob. Classics . . . wonderful literature, blood-stirring, inspiring to youth. But youth does not know that lived romance cannot be relived by another generation. Age must complete the picture. A ribboned knight knew nothing of noxious gases, tanks, aircraft, bombs. He had no science. His enlightenment was but as a tallow dip to the electric standard of to-day. If we know more to-day, then surely we should know better.

Among the novelists, who has written the truth of War,—the bare, unvarnished, unromantic truth? Richard Dehan, perhaps, in her story of the Crimea. Who has read it in these days, and who remembers? Selma Lagerlof . . . who knows of her and her power-

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ful writing? Hardly a dozen in a casual thousand.

No one wants to stop the weavers of romance. That is absurd. But there must be a counter-irritant. Convince youth that such writings are romance alone; that fiction, though no stranger than fact, cannot be emulated.

CHAPTER V

SCIENCE AND THE CHILD

SEVEN years in the life of a dog are equal to the one of a human being. A dog which has been maltreated, beaten in puppyhood, will shrink from a stick, tremble at sight of a whip. A dog ill-treated by a man in a certain walk of life—a bricklayer, a doctor, postman, policeman, carpenter—will have an antagonism to one of a like trade. The “scent” is indelibly fixed in the mentality of that dog, instinctive to his own protection. That dog may pass a dozen of the followers of the trade, may meet peaceably the “scent” a hundred times; but should the owner of that scent make a hostile move—advance unexpectedly—act strangely—the dog will not be held back from attack.

I do not know that any scientist has drawn a parallel of investigation between the child and the puppy. But, investigators have said that between the ages of six and thirteen years in a child impressions made are foundations laid. Foundations laid in childhood never change. They develop, or they lie dormant.

There may come an overgrowth of acquired knowledge, of well-digested facts in life. The slightest propaganda in later years will always reveal the original fundamentals printed on the brain, the original antagonisms.

The average parent can testify that impressions are formed in years more tender than that of six. Two, three, four, five are years of impression in an intelligent child. Habits are formed, manners are regulated. A child becomes attuned to the more honest of our conventions in those early years.

The child has a soul of his own. He inherits his body from his parents, but society molds his mentality; and society has a million new, strange elements,—pictures, planes, autos, radios . . . modern War.

Let us agree with this investigator who will choose the years six to thirteen for casting the mold of the future citizen.

From six to thirteen the child goes to school. In those seven years he begins to grasp the concept of life. He gets the power of imaginative picturization. Mental photography is developed. A word may give him a lead for a personal drama, peopled with shadows, enacted in the recesses of his own brain.

The child can visualize, but he cannot com-

plete the vision until someone sketches in the outline. Somehow the imaginative quality must be started. There is imitative imagery. A child will re-create in play the action of the grown-up. He will be a fireman, a postman, a trolley driver, a soldier, a tentative murderer. I know a small girl who on her third birthday was attempting to cut her cake. She exclaimed, "Mother, I a bride!" Once, some six months previous, she had seen a bride cut her cake.

The mentors of the child project thoughts in certain defined directions. The child catches the thought; believes. We tell a child that two and two make four. Correct . . . he believes. We tell the child two and two make five and he also believes. He has no knowledge upon which to base a refutation.

A child believes everything that it is told, if the teller be sufficiently convincing in manner.

Follows then the early habit of thinking, but a thinking naturally colored by the thoughts around it. The parents, adults, educators are responsible for the main avenues of the average child's thought. His inclination is guided by environment.

In the old beliefs of religion we belong to

one church or the other, because our family does so. In the beliefs of patriotism we follow the bent of our clan, our nation.

The older generation can embed War in the plastic mold of a child's mind, or it can embed Peace. It can plant international hatred, continental jealousy, or brotherly love.

We charge young people with the stewardship of the future, and we engrave upon their mentality the accepted mistakes of the past, the uncorrected errors of the present. We have thought War—and War is. We can give our children the War impress—and Wars will be.

There is a great upheaval, a great wrenching of soul and mind to get rid of old heresies, to get rid of national egoisms. We do not want the child taught less love for his own country. We want him taught an elimination of hate for the other fellow's country. We train our children to smile at the oddities of other nations. We point with scorn to dissimilarities which may be climatic, traditional, racial. There is created a sense of difference which makes a reserve, and reserve is a stumbling-block to mutual understanding.

Between the ages of six and thirteen the children of all the world are impressed through

various agencies with a sense of national superiority,—flag waving, parades, martial and militaristic tendencies. They are trained in reflected distrust and imbibe unconscious or subconscious hatred as they do nourishment.

The adult, parent, older generation, mentor has never considered a possible alteration of his own thoughts. And he is steeping youth in error.

The child learns in his textbooks the names of battles, and does not know that battle names are the epitaphs of dead men. He learns of glorious deeds, and hears nothing of graves. He has the imaginative picture of glory.

Follow then the adolescent years when the youth is socialized. He comes to a realization of a membership in a world community. There we see the reactions of early impress. He receives his first consciousness of race and national prejudice. He becomes a college student, if he be one of the bare two per cent. who ever attain the portals of College, and his prejudices are not so deeply rooted as are those of a man twice his age. But there are ninety-eight per cent. who never gain college, whose prejudices must remain. Thus nations can become embroiled in War and ninety-

eight per cent. of the people are already primed for it . . . ready . . . waiting the word *go!*

Peace conditions can only be restored by the growth and power of individual thought.

Wipe aside all considerations of commercial jealousies, national greed, political intrigue, and no War has been possible without the attuned mind of the people.

Generation to generation we have carried War by tradition, by memory . . . by inherited thought forces; War, a disease germ cultured in human mentality. We have prepared the ground by vainglorious histories; propagated the seed with misleading bigotries, fertilized the virgin soil of youths' thoughts with the filth of national hatreds, saturated it with national contempts. We have stimulated the evil growth with scare headlines, a bought Press, hysterical outbursts of effervescent patriotism. No wonder we have War, the canker, the cancerous growth of a foul devil force.

How shall Peace come?

Let us who know, hold our tongues on the glorious achievements of War's individuals. Enshrine the names of heroes in the innermost

recesses of our hearts. Do not speak of them. Let God award their diploma of greatness. Let us hide the bitterness that follows the ache and sorrow of broken lives.

Teach youth to hate War. Put the impress upon the childish mind that there are no enemies. Teach him not to be satisfied with the thoughts of other men. The average man is but the living echo of the opinions of his own grandfather when he assumes the mask of War.

The child of to-day—six to thirteen—is being raised upon the same picturesque lies of glory and over-played heroism, which fed the generations who have become warriors by the deliberate leadership of those who should have known, and did know better.

Your child to-morrow will be ripe for the “next War,” which is already a criminal projection in certain perverse minds of men.

CHAPTER VI

THE LIE

It was the 12th of July, a glorious morning, crisp, cool. Dew glistened on the shorn grass. Lights turned the trembling water-drops to jewels . . . emeralds, uncut rubies, rounded, gleaming pearls . . . globules of water only, but they took on rainbow hues. Our clear, Northern atmosphere seemed to have no body. The roof of the sky was leagues distant. Once a flicker of woolly cloud passed like a smoke puff, then . . . nothing but the hard, cold blue.

I remember it all very clearly. Even now a crisp, cool, dewy, summer morning will bring this memory to completeness. But it was only a stage setting. It marked the natural impressive background of a tremendous happening.

The 12th of July was my birthday, my sixth year. The first treat of the day was an early morning walk with my father. He made nature wonderfully interesting. He pointed out the sun prisms on the dew. He showed me the

wet silken web of a spider. He followed for me the progress of some ungainly ant laden with a bundle. He told me the ant had been to market. I laughed, jumped. A frog, yellowish, with brown spots, leaped across the wet grass, and I shrank back. It touched my shoe and I screamed. I cannot bear anything of the reptile family.

I wonder if my impressions of that morning had stopped there, what would have been the outcome? But they did not. That was the morning I heard the Lie. Of course I didn't know it was a lie. How could I? My father told it to me, and I believed him. He believed it himself. He was quoting the words of his own father, his father's father. Fathers and mothers for centuries back had been repeating that Lie. I wonder have any of those long-gone parents found out how they were lied to and how they lied? No matter now . . . the damage is done. I had to become a soldier—I, Henri Defoe, as a thousand others. We fought for life. We killed for . . . what? We wandered in the hells of France and Belgium, in Salonika, Egypt, Africa before the Lie was exposed. And all of us who have come back have not yet discovered the truth.

The sun shone. A tiny breeze whispered

through the higher trees, and my father and I came out on an open space. A great black horse, rearing, champing at his bit, suddenly bounded my horizon. There sat on the animal's back, motionless, a gigantic figure, black too, of a man in a cocked hat, a sword curved upward from the grip of one hand. It seemed to wave me onward, to hurry. I ran forward under the shadow of the statue, but it was cold there, no sun shone. The dew was just damp, chilly water-drops. And I could see nothing of the wonderful man or his champing steed. I was too close, so I ran back again. It was better in the sunshine, and my father lifted me to his shoulder the better to see this mighty thing.

"Daddy, who is that man?"

The sun came up stronger. I felt a glow of warmth on my shoulders. The air vibrated, and a thrill came into my father's voice.

"Not a man, sonny . . . the greatest soldier who ever lived. Wellington. Boy, he conquered the great Napoleon."

Who were they? What were they? Soldiers. Defeated, conquered, triumphant. The enemy's commander thrown into exile, on a lonely island.

Words. My father was talking. He told me so much—marvelous stories. I thrilled again and again . . . the sun shone more brilliantly, birds chirped and twittered.

Words . . . many of them have faded from my memory, but there was a dominant major note pervading the *leit motif* of this pean of my father. It rang on four tones,—words they were, resonant, deep, full. Words. . . . I shall never forget them. All of nature's loveliness faded before the majestic rhythm. My father chanted, "Gallant, glorious, chivalrous, heroic."

The soft mold of my child mind took the impress deep, underlined, ineradicable. *Gallant . . . glorious*. Two words . . . wonderful! There was another word, *soldier*, a word hard-bitten, clipped, metallic in its echo, and yet another word *British* . . . prideful.

I was profoundly impressed. Four words, and my childhood, youth, early manhood were colored, colored scarlet to the martial echoing. Gallant, glorious, soldier, British.

I was only a small boy walking with my parent in the early morning, through the park of a very ordinary Canadian city—an everyday happening—but it was I who was six years

old that day, and I, who learned of martial greatness.

My imagination came to life. I wanted to be gallant and glorious too. My father had talked of chivalry and heroism too, but I got little impress from those words . . . they were swallowed up in the major chords of glory and gallantry. My calculations did not get far beyond the picture I carried in my mind's eye. A man on a gigantic horse, waving a sword, silently letting the generations answer the unvoiced but pictured call, "Come on . . . soldiers!"

There it stood for the world to see, and follow.

I began to ask questions again. Yes, the statue represented the Duke of Wellington in uniform. All soldiers wore uniforms. Logical. First steps toward being glorious was to have the outward trappings of the position.

"I want a uniform, Daddy." It was my sixth birthday and my present had not yet been chosen. So, I got the uniform. It was a triumphal moment when I was all equipped. I strutted about. . . . I would be a soldier too. I resolved this with so deep an intention, that actually when opportunity came I was a soldier forthwith. My parents admired my

appearance, praised me, took my salute. I waved my sword . . . was ready for all-comers. A gallant and glorious episode of childhood.

I then learned to read. Books became vastly interesting, and sometimes I found them with pictures. One day in school I came on the story of an Irish soldier who had won the Victoria Cross in India. I determined that I too must win a cross. Furtively I secured brown paper and cut a facsimile of the pictured medal. It looked well on my uniform jacket . . . decorated it. That there should come no opportunity to win medals never occurred to me. The chance to fight must come.

Later still we had an entertainment at school. One of the older boys recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade." My! "Cannons to right of them . . . left . . . onward . . . onward! Noble six hundred!" Noble! Another word. I rushed home. I gasped out a demand for tin soldiers and artillery. More than ever I wanted to be one of that splendid shining institution. The name, yes, I had just learned that too . . . *War! War, gallant, glorious!*

That winter it became the fixed habit for me to change into my soldier's clothes in the

evenings. Not drab khaki, but brilliant red and blue, yellow on the helmet, and nice shiny pieces of tin plate which glittered in the fire-light. My tin soldiers and my tin guns took position on the hearthrug. I manœuvred them this way and that; but my soldiers never fell nor retreated, nor did my guns ever fail to respond to the click of the wire trigger. Sometimes, oh, wonderful, intense half hours, my father—at times it has been my mother,—told a story of this or that great soldier or fighting man-o'-war's man, it might be general or admiral. Oftentimes I heard the tradition of this regiment or that squadron. I never heard of the death of a soldier, the broken heart of a mother, the anxious vigil of a wife, or of orphan children.

There followed an interval when I became a civilian in thought. I am hazy as to what I learned, but I know it must have been in the second and maybe third grades. Anyhow, my mind got another bent. I became keen on sport. There was a passing insight into the easier sciences. I think I meant then to be an inventor. I would invent something . . . it did not matter what or how or when. I am not clear what happened after this to change my mind, but one day I threw away my tinkering

set of tools. . . . I smashed the jam jars that were a part of my mysterious telephone equipment. I broke up my carpenter's bench and I hauled out the old uniform. I was too big for it, but my mother was clever with her needle, and but a day passed when it was fitted for wear again. I got out the soldiers and guns and begged for more. I was deep again in stories of War . . . gallantry, glory. Everything was bounded by War—our lands, our existence was the result of battles. It strode before my enlarging vision as a spectacle of wonderment. It was something before which every other bias in my mind must give way. It was the end all and be all of my existence. I was dominated by what was called history—not the story of civilization's achievement in commerce, science, medicine, religion, but the romantic relation of events shrouded in red glory; a redness which brought to me the delight of a sunset glow, even the delicate morning tints of sunrise. I had not heard of the redness of truth . . . the truth which is blood and tears.

I reached the higher grades in my school and I read heavier books from the library. These histories had been brought "up to date." No, I did not read anything about the inven-

tion and manufacture and gradual use of these new horseless carriages. The automobile was then a new thing, a wonderful thing, that could revolutionize transport and make good the saying, "the world is small." No, it was not a thing about autos, or cables, or speaking long distances by means of wire, or without wires, that I read. Up to date in history was the relation of the latest in War gallantry and War glory.

The romance of the Boer War was given us to read. We had stories of Kitchener, Roberts, White, Buller, Kruger, Smuts. There was no hint of distress, or nerve-wracked bodies, burned acreage, mutilated cattle, harried troops of human beings. Not at all. There was the outline of the veldt with its curious, mystical undefinable scent, the trackless miles which led over *kopje*, and the high grass where wild animals lurked. We heard something fascinating and exciting called "guerrilla warfare." We heard of the fording of rivers and the turning back over them again . . . the Tugela . . . romance in the very name. Not a word of the rotting bodies caught in its turgid stream, the blistering heat, and the empty waterhole. Worse, with water stinking where some dead Kaffir had lain this

month back. Romance, gallant, glorious . . . the chivalry of men and the heroism of brothers. I read it all and argued in the school yard of the merits of this general and that. I wrote essays and learned poems. How I revelled in Kipling, all honor to his soldier men, but he failed to make me realize ugly circumstance, condition, fact. Yet I often wonder why, even from that distant date, I can remember the last paragraph of the last chapter of that story of the Boer War. It read thus: "Our casualties were 225,000 men."

Then, of course, I never looked up the meaning of the word, casualty. It is a nice, polite word. Webster of to-day says: "Casualty, an accident, especially if resulting in injury to the body or death." That does not convey to the immature mind five hundred and twenty-five thousand men lying stripped naked and dead . . . thrown into ditches digged reverently enough by comrades, yet digged hurriedly and for the most part under cover of the night . . . ditches lined with quicklime . . . for the living must still stem other possible streams of death. It does not convey to the boy's mind long white hospital wards, operating tables, flesh mangled and torn shrinking from the steel of the surgeon's knife. It

does not convey the padded cells of insane houses. But it *means* that. My boyish mind could not read between the lines of romance the toll of mothers' broken hearts, fathers reft of ambition when sons are lost, wives left to mourn, and children without food, uncared and unprotected from the buffets of a world made for the strong.

I passed through school, and the child was gone. A national entity emerged.

CHAPTER VII

THE LIE MATERIALIZES

AND then came the World War.

The world, sleepy, suddenly quivered to the sting of an iron whip. People were stunned, except in circles of which the mass knew nothing. War was an unexpected thunderbolt. There was a strained "hush," and then some inspired genius called out, "Attack!" There came swift recovery, a rally. The stunning blow became a goad to action . . . quick action. "Attack." We were attacked . . . they had attacked . . . therefore, we *must* attack.

So evolved the war called Armageddon.

At my age this is the period at which I should have been at a University. I did go through such an institution. The stereotyped product housed within medieval or pseudo-medieval stone walls; the lectures of well-read professors? No. My University was unsheltered, its boundaries were the vast places of scarred earth. Some classes were taken when we were buried neck high in mud. Lectures

were driven home by steel, the rattle of machine gun, the flash of shining bayonet. Groups gathered to the hoarse shouts of gruff sergeants, the barking voices of stern captains. Our examinations were held by the light of sky rockets, or the blasting, bursting bomb of death shot from overhead by plane or Zeppelin. The zero hour, reached through minutes of poison gas, proved our ability to take the diploma. Some graduated . . . to Heaven . . . to Hell . . . who knows? But some of us crawled back to a still War-besotted earth with that degree of Hell's own university seared on our souls.

Yet, War taught much.

I mastered the fact that my visions of something gallant, glorious, chivalrous and heroic were the veriest mirage. I learned that War is none of these things in itself. I learned that War is a thing of horror, filth, degeneration, bestial obscenities . . . of the retrogradation of souls back to the state of primitive brutes.

It is a hideous thing. It is a something which breeds all of destruction, vileness, loathsome creeping disease . . . heartbreak. And the end on earth is neither glory nor yet gallantry. It is the sodden grave, with its Wooden Cross dripping blood.

Then I learned that it is not man nature to want to kill his fellow male deliberately. He must be pushed to it . . . inflamed to the point of blind murder.

I did not realize this until I had entered the elementary school of War. There was the stabbing of straw figures in vital places . . . sporting, this, to see who could make the most telling jabs. We jumped down into imaginary trenches or bludgeoned imaginary men crawling below us . . . so rats have been cleaned out at times. The mechanical training . . . to march, to drill, form fours, shoulder arms, come to attention—this had just as much effect upon our mentality as the part of training which was an incentive to kill. Mechanically we stabbed a dummy figure. Mechanically we would stab and stab again a breathing, human frame. That is the wherefore of intensive soldiering before the actual experience.

Not all of the men who train and march into war become a mechanism of destruction. Not every man completely loses his ego in the blinding passion of a hate, which is acquired only through environment. Unaccountably some of us acquired the power to think by the aid of this University of voracious hate.

52 THE INEXCUSABLE LIE

We had experiences . . . surface impressions. There were sentimental episodes, tragic moments, comedy, occasional lapses into actual happiness. These, in the immediate months that follow War, many of us could relate by word of mouth or by printed type.

But to many there has come in this horrible graduation the evolving of tremendous thought. . . .

Read these words to any veteran of any army which has been in the actual fighting line. Watch his face. Is there not a quiver of muscle, a twitch of eyelid, a sudden clench of fist? Read to him that some of us yet feel in memory the swish of steel against the yielding flesh, as our bayonets grated on the bone that was its resting place. The sudden agonizing twist upward, outward. The next plunge downward . . . dripping red. Ask him. Can you feel the sting of fiery bullet, hear the gasp of dying breath, the throat rattle and the choking sigh of poisoned, blackened, bloated, gassed human beings?

These things are deep and lasting. These are the things which break men. Or, these are the things which remake men as the courses of a peace university remake a high school lad. And these are the things by which we learn

that man does not deliberately hate his fellow, nor yet will he kill unless forced to it.

We killed in self-defense . . . ourselves or the other fellow . . . instinct of life preservation said, the other fellow. His instinct of life preservation said, ourselves. True. But why either?

CHAPTER VIII

THE LIE EXPLAINED

AND then I came home. Somewhat battered as to body, but with brain uncomfortably clear.

Before the answer to the problem could be sought out, the thing itself had to be fought to a finish. A dog fight forcibly stopped leaves the animals snarling . . . waiting to jump at the next earliest opportunity. We had to let the fight go to the end, let the fighters cool . . . let the sweat dry off the palpitating bodies . . . let the spectators round the ring-side forget their partisanship. We had to let resentment fade and memory dim a little . . . let the more acute of wounds heal over, let the vast digging of thousands of graves slacken . . . the echo of the axe on lumber for Wooden Crosses die away through more distant years . . . the stumps of trees from which crosses grew sprout green again.

Then only could I find some men's minds attuned to answer a few of the questions, or of sufficient reason to listen to the word Peace.

So the years went by . . . War faded. People called it a Great War, and we soldiers knew it to be the Worst War. Some cried, the Last War, and brotherhoods quoted "Revelations" to prove it was the First War.

And I asked and asked again, "Killing . . . why either?" It rang in my ears and there was no rest until I could analyze and find out—as best one brain could—the why and wherefore of this savagery, this miscellaneous killing.

First, an enemy is not always of the same blood. We fight with one nation and are friends again. Then we fight the nation which was formerly our friend. There are no hereditary enemies, unless the enmity is kept alive by deliberate intent.

All fighting and all War must be illogical. We do not kill for love of dealing death . . . usurping the power of high Heaven. Khaki color, blue gray, nor yet olive drab do not incite to cold-blooded murder. If it did . . . There must be some other reason why Wars come easily.

There came a light, a flash of reason, an instinct perhaps. I can recall no pre-vision, no connective thought leading forward. I went back to school-days and reviewed my text-

books; and I satisfied my suspicions that it was tradition as seen in the light of the common school textbook which made it easy for me to be a soldier. War can't be done away with until men cease to be willing to kill in its name, be mangled, turned to pulpy masses in the name of romantic glory. Sometimes when I dream. . . . God, I relive it . . . stepping *through* a man's body! How long it had lain dead . . . how long other feet had missed it . . . how long . . . romance . . . glory . . . faugh!

Nothing but music and fun, they say, can keep an army in the field. So they counterfeit music . . . *fun* for us. Soldiers march farther and faster when there are songs a-singing, jokes in the air. Enthusiasm is the spirit of every successful army . . . well, maybe . . . only it is lies about soldiering, active killing, that gets the enthusiasm up. Anyone can get any amount of enthusiasm up about anything, so long as there is colorful, exciting advertising about it.

Advertising . . . that's the word! War is advertised. We put up posters about it when it's on. War is advertised in our textbooks in school. Children drink it in with the three R's. It is advertised daily in newspapers, in

speech . . . in short, contemptuous half truths of "the other fellows" and their actions. It is the most successfully, the most subtly advertised product on the face of the so-called civilized market. When a genuine War materializes, the newspaper advertising runs to total space. It stalks to the roll of drum and flash of sword, down our streets in broad daylight. And the smashed, bruised, bloody, bludgeoned bodies of half-dead, wounded . . . casualties . . . accidents . . . are brought in stealthily by night . . . at first.

Begin at the beginning. I got hold of those school-books again. I read what they had taught me a few years back, what they are teaching the younger fellow now . . . and something of what they think they will teach my son . . . *your son* in the future.

On the 5th of August, 1914, I became a recognized soldier. I had been one in thought these years before. I became a soldier as the result of a tradition which is that of my nation about ourselves, as it is the common belief of all other nations about themselves.

I had learned I was British. I had learned that Britons never can be slaves, never will be slaves. I learned that we are the conquering race. I knew that when we fought we won. I

knew that when a Briton starts to War, his cause and his cause only is right.

There were in my books lists of defeats inflicted upon many other nations of the world . . . always the victory was ours, and with the victory went glory and gallantry.

We were the chosen people.

I stumbled over that tradition in my books of a. b. c. I read it in my higher classes. I was weaned on it, and it became a part of me. I have before me the least militaristic of school books. It is used for fifth and sixth grades in four Provinces in my native Canada. Rule, Britannia! The first page . . . superiority. I find, "Ye Mariners of England"—tremendous poetry—the average lad cannot grasp the rhythmic cadence, sonorous meter. He remembers this:

"Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!"

"When's the next War, fellows?"

And page 26 has "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and the immortalizer of a running brook helps load another gun.

On page 73 we learn a poem about Kitchener, a splendid personality, a hero in the fullest sense of the word. But the boy, who was

not born when Kitchener went out, reads and remembers:

“Leap, waves of England! Boastful be
And fling defiance in the blast,
For earth is envious of the sea,
Which shelters England’s dead at last.”

We are envied. We need to boast about it. We can defy the world. “Come on, fellows, let’s chase the *wop!*”

I take these at random and I find a part of a chapter from one of my own writings . . . a few paragraphs of praise for Canadians, true . . . wonderfully true . . . but lifted from its context, without its preceding or following chapters which give due emphasis to what other fellows did.

Now I wonder and I still wonder how, in the face of this, *dare* the other fellow fight?

It is easy to find out. I read the textbooks of a few other nations. Those whose languages I do not understand I read in translation.

I find the same tradition, couched in different words, but the meaning precisely the same. There is no hint of defeat, no sense of wrongness. The “enemy” is always the villain.

The French boy learns that France shall never bow the knee, that her great and hon-

ored Napoleon strode triumphant over Europe; assailed the seas. He knows that only Nature stopped the drive on Moscow. Even the superman must bow the knee to Nature's fury. The French boy learns that English villages quaked, lest the "froggies" should land when least expected. He hears that Waterloo was lost but by a fluke, that a German should have joined with the British only just in time. And he learns that his ancestors made the field run red with British and Dutch blood. He reads of the horrors of British prisons. They *were* horrible, but so were French prisons to the enemy. He learns hate and contempt and national superiority. How *dare* anyone fight *him*?

The German youth is a product of tradition. Militaristic masters bludgeoned the populace from babyhood into a discipline which made all its reasoned knowledge the science of force. Jealous enemies were keeping Germany from her sunshine. Alsace-Lorraine . . . Schleswig-Holstein were glorious examples of what Germany had done. West Africa, with its white man's climate and its millions of black workers, its diamonds pebbling lake shores, its rubber, its undeveloped secrets, was only one step gained. Why not the whole glorious

sunshine of Africa? Anything done once can be done again. The German boy read his forced lessons, regulated from high quarters in Prussia for a fixed purpose. He hardened muscles on fixed forced marches. Ambition, the success of the past foreshadowed the success of the future. Belgium was but a step; France a stride; England a boat trip . . . the Atlantic. . . .

The Spanish boy is learning daily of his nation's triumph, and the wrongs suffered at the hands of other people. The lads and young girls of the South Americas are assimilating the tradition of supremacy. Japan, although lately, it has removed militarism from its schools, as has also the Austrian Republic . . . in the latter case to the extent of throwing a quarter of a million textbooks on the scrap-heap . . . yet Japan is cradled in the tradition of an ancestry which brooks no defeat.

There is the history of the American Civil War. Blood brothers reaching the rage which cuts a brother's throat . . . stories of outrage . . . despotism . . . spying . . . ruthless murder . . . insubordination . . . conquest . . . defeat. The North knows one story, the South another.

"Had we had the money," said a Southerner

to me, "I am sure we would have launched textbooks of hate for the mind nourishment of our youth."

Now the feud is forgotten, consciously. Subconsciously who has analyzed the disparities of thought above or below the "line"? And of Sheridan a textbook reads: "As a boy he had a strong liking for books, and especially those which told of War and the lives of daring men. When he read of their brave deeds *perhaps he dreamed of the days when he might be a great soldier.*"

Or, turn to the Revolutionary War, and in the vivid story of one textbook the present tense is used—fine, inspiring words, but difficult for the school child to differentiate the periods. "We will not be used as tools by England to make all the profit she can out of us." Very right. Every modern Englishman will agree, but does the boy understand that if profits were made a hundred years ago, it was Englishmen from Englishmen?

There is the rout of the English by "Americans." To the American boy reading this graphic setting of how the Americans whipped the English, there can be only one reaction. He must thrill. He must vibrate emotionally at the knowledge that "we Americans" were

the first, the only people who ever beat the English.

"Come on, fellows, listen to this. We did it once,—any objection to doing it again?" Reasonable, should the opportunity arise, and what easier than to make opportunity?

The American boy, just like the British or the French, progresses through school to the recitation of victories. He knows, beyond question, that his soldiers and his armies have never been defeated in a War. The battle has always gone his way. Make a contrary statement, and you bring contemptuous scorn on your ignorant head. To the boy the story of the American victory over the English is a definite, true story. He learns one side of the question perfectly . . . there is no argument.

The English boy reads about this "incident." Somewhat regrettable, no doubt, but what in fact does he know of any such event? Practically nothing. In the common school-books of England there is a mention to the English boy that some time back, about '78 or '81, England was in a terrible War with France and her Allies, and was sorely pressed. About this time a few thousand English living in the colonies of America became dissatisfied at the excessive duties and taxes imposed by the Ger-

man King George the Third then ruling in England, and England, not wanting these Colonies, let them go. That is all the English lad knows of being whipped by the Americans. And there is a basis of future misunderstanding which is unsurpassed.

In my travels in different parts of the world I have met Americans, who assert, "You know, I do not think that you Canadians like us very well." Again I have met Englishmen who say, "I do not think Americans like us very well." These statements are perfectly correct. Has there ever been fostered a foundation of understanding? Have we been taught to believe that the dead past should stay buried? Have we ever heard that in point of time there is no past and no future, only the present? And we are of the present.

As children in school we Canadian children were not taught love for our nearest and best neighbor; while our cousins to the South were not imbued with love of their English relatives.

Read the Canadian history, and you find that the Americans, about 1812 or thereabouts, became quite jealous of Canada and did actually invade that country in an attempt to take it, only to be repulsed and beaten by the

Canadian troops, particularly at the battle of Queenstown Heights, where we, the Canadians, finally "won the war." I wager that no American boy was ever taught at school that the Canadians whipped his ancestors. I doubt if one per cent. of them has even heard of Queenstown Heights.

Canadians sing of the Maple Leaf and of Lundy's Lane—a chanted record of Queenstown Heights. How many Americans who courteously join in our national song, when visiting North, realize they are sounding a lay of personal defeat? Or, "The Star Spangled Banner"—wonderful music — stirring — tremendous in its inspiration—telling of the overthrow of England,—how many Englishmen courteously doffing hats to the national anthem realize they are saluting a humiliating downfall?

No country is immune. We are all, no matter of what race, supreme national egotists. We are all taught to believe in the absolute invincibility of our armies and navies. Had every German in Germany, and out of it, not been trained to believe that German armies are only capable of one thing, Victory, most assuredly they would not have embarked upon that which has been so terrible a disaster for

them. Undoubtedly the Germans have been the supreme and aggressive egotists of this age which is passing. As to the German, so to all of us, national egotism is the supreme virtue of good citizenship.

Man's inherited knowledge of his tradition, his training in that tradition, his belief and faith in the fact that he has, according to his nation, always won and always can win, makes it easy to start Wars. It makes it yet easier to get millions of individuals to go to War.

CHAPTER IX

WAR MATERIALIZES

It was easy to go. Generations had passed . . . the horrors of other Wars were dim and distant. Only a few of us had met men who knew anything of the Boer campaign. The majority of these ex-soldiers were keen to join up again. They did not mention anything of discomforts, casualties, wounds. If South Africa were mentioned, and I scarcely recall that it was, I remember a little more than a description of its fruitful, swelling land, a hint of the swiftly moving herds of springbok. Only Old Bill protested to me, and his protest I did not fathom until years later. Bill had been through the Boer scrap. "If you go, boy," said Bill, "you will not go without me."

I took it for its other meaning then . . . now I know old Bill would have saved youth his youthfulness, if he could. He was not old in years himself, and his companionship was a protection against the hoary evils which stalk the soldiers' camp.

August of 1914 seemed to bring a definite

surprise that the German should have dared imperil his national safety by letting things get to such a pitch that we should be compelled to declare War upon him. We would check him for his presumption, and our wholesome regard for our own infallibility in every direction swelled and hourly grew until its dimensions obscured common sense.

August of 1914, and the few weeks which followed were easy for recruiting officers. Our indignation was fed daily. No appalling casualty lists filtered through. Instead bugles blared, fifes shrilled to rolling drums, flags waved overhead, and the casual citizen unconsciously walked to the beat of common time. One, two, three, four . . . left right, left right . . . "Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Blue Bonnets Over the Border," "John Brown," "John Peel," "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Later "Tipperary," when most of us had flinched at the blaze of Piccadilly's lights, and sampled the home-forbidden possibilities of Leicester Square.

Newspapers, five times a day with five-inch headlines: "Men, Defend Mother, Love and Home."

Yes, it was easy. Any man of any nation will go to the aid of his mother, his wife, his

children, if danger threatens. Then, no one knew that ways can be devised to avoid such danger, to minimize the possibilities of harm.

It was easy. A man drifted with the rising tide, the flood tide of War. It gathered him in. First, he rode the crest of the wave, then slowly, inexorably he was sucked under . . . maddened at times, sodden with narcotics he saw the loathsome creeping things in that remorseless whirlpool . . . lewdness, wantonness, abandon . . . crawling evils of the body . . . disease, lice, gnawing rats, the distorted growths of drugged souls, tortured limbs, swirling entrails, putrescence.

There was no escape, and the going was easy.

Men rallied to their flags from one end of the earth to the other. Enthusiasm was the king of all. Turkey, Germany, Russia, France, England, India, Italy, Scotland, Austria, Australia, New Zealand, Africa—all with the virus growing . . . the ghastly injections, serum of War, serum of hate, serum of murder.

We did not hate the German in 1914 . . . far from it. He had always been our hereditary ally . . . we had not fought him before.

And we were not particularly patriotic in

1914. The British are not demonstrative over their flag or institutions. Patriotism is a vague thing at best . . . a dozen people give it a dozen definitions. In 1914, my country was in any condition but that of distress. Nelson's famous call would not have stirred my blood a whit to a quicker heat, had I heard it then. I did not. We did not need it. Subconsciously we were steeped in thoughts of War . . . predilections for, propensities to War.

We did not hate the German. The common peoples of the world, the mass that turns to rank and file, a few years ago, knew too little of other people of the world to cause hate sufficient to make War possible on that count. We are not taught in our schools deliberately to hate people. To insert a sufficient foundation of contempt and hate is a simple transition . . . we learn contempt, indifference.

With the same circumstances surrounding me, had the opposing country been France, Russia, Sweden, Spain, I would have enlisted as readily.

We did not even hear the word German in the full blare of brass instruments, nor was it megaphoned from housetops . . . newspapers left it delicately untouched.

Enemy . . . that curiously menacing im-

personal actuality. Enemy . . . that was the only word required. Enemy.

We went . . . I went . . . easily.

The scenes in our home those first days but mirrored that of millions of homes—world-wide. The echo of marching feet through ages passed. The old, worn, thin-edged and blunted sword of the great-grandfather was drawn from the scabbard . . . scoured, polished . . . it shone in the firelight and romance reflected from the burnished, tempered steel. “Rule Britannia”—hour after hour, it died away and strengthened, but many hearts throbbed quicker as someone’s fingers played out the notes; unwinding strands of invisible steel rope to draw us in, and bind us.

Unconsciously done, of course. Tradition, memory, superstition, education.

“The Colonel has just seen me. They will need nurses”—“I’m going, mother.” That was my sister. “I’m going too, mother,” and my own voice broke the short silence. “You bet, you two aren’t going to have all the plums. I’m going, too.” This, the kid brother, a schoolboy of sixteen, but big and willing to add to his age. Truth is no necessary sinecure of War.

“Well, children, of course you must go. I’ll

miss you, but you won't be gone long . . . six or seven weeks. No chance of the enemy holding out against us. You'll be back before Christmas." This, the Mother.

There was no thought, no analysis of why we were going to war; no foresight, no hesitation, no fear that the Mother would be alone and possibly helpless.

We created no precedent. "Back before Christmas" was the slogan. Some sixty years before, the great man Lincoln had called for troops. "You'll be back in your homes in ninety days," he said. Even he, with his legal mind, his astute common sense, his logical reasoning,—even he could miscalculate the strength of an enemy . . . and we made no calculations.

Mothers laughed in Germany also in 1914 . . . cried, "You'll be back before Christmas."

Mothers of France, Mothers of the World. They sent their boys with a smile. Brave, yes . . . heroines, surely . . . but only afterward . . . only after they *knew*. Spartan, as they saw mutilated bodies returned still slightly breathing; stoical when their worlds crashed to atoms round them, and they rose solitary amidst the ruins of life.

Women—gentle, tender, softly reared—

wincing at the death of some feathered pet—had no thought of horrors. Their men were heroes . . . brave, conquering as none others. The women of all nations reared in the tradition, confident in the belief.

Perhaps years ago to some brave, high principled American women there came this vision, when they protested the sale of toy soldiers, weapons of War for the amusement of children. But the women of the more Eastern civilizations, to them fighting has been a part of their substance. 'Tourney when her knight received the ribbon of his ladye . . . she watched the joust or threw her 'broidered gauntlet to be snatched by the winner . . . dueling of a later day, when the smile of a society beauty might cause the clash of swords or the flash of great horse pistols.

The women of a newer age have the privileged inspiration from those strong-muscled, iron-spirited foreparents who trekked across a continent; whose conquering of drought, flood, pestilence, weary miles of desert, mountain pass, meant construction, a fight of value to humanity, uplift to the race. But a plow for sign and token, their portion hardship, death, anxiety, languor of soul, then triumph, victory, glorious, romantic, in that powers of

destruction were overcome and a new land with all its richness handed to posterity.

War hands down but blackened walls and disemboweled lands . . . sometimes a posterity imbecile, malformed.

The pioneer leaves to his sons fair crops, revealed gold, fine, cultured womanhood, the warm hearth, consecrated homes.

Women, like men, caught the fever, and to women comes more quickly the hate of War. Women can love and hate by intuitive feeling. The male needs reasoning to impel his passions. Later we learned to hate. August, 1914, and the immediate following months excitement sufficed, the spirit of adventure, the romance . . . the glory of our school-books.

In Southeast Europe a fanatic had shot and killed some man and that man's wife. Princes . . . we did not know who they were in those first months . . . we did not care then, nor ever.

Students, no doubt, knew then as they have taught us, many of us since, that there were economic reasons. But it was after two and a half years of bitter murderings that a man, deep of thought and genuine of soul, cried aloud, "Make the world safe for Democracy!"

We went to War because War was injected

into our systems, because War is a part of the curriculum of schools, because War is a part of the psychology of nations thoughtlessly placed there . . . not by the devices of the educators, but by the accumulated mass of printed War called textbooks.

No call came in 1914 for the defense of democracy against autocracy. We never had felt the heel of an iron monarchy. No cry arose for the liberation of oppressed peoples. Suppression and oppression were unrecognized terms among us . . . we had never felt them.

Plain facts . . . one man shot down another. The newspapers flared the headline, War . . . over and over again, War.

The virus was in our blood, there for the carrying to fever pitch. Ignorance of the truth of War was world-wide.

In 1914 it was easy to start War. In 1914 it was easy to go to War.

If . . . if men had only been nurtured in another belief. If, alas . . . too late!

CHAPTER X

PEACE, GOODWILL ON EARTH

WHETHER the issue of War came slowly or suddenly upon the statesmen of Europe is of little moment. Some jumped into the mêlée with the enthusiasm of the common people. One or two strove mightily to avert, perhaps only to postpone, the trouble. It was not because they dreaded War so much as that their nations were not completely prepared in materials and men. Some may have sensed what the War would mean, but their small voices did not penetrate the noises of the War mob.

War . . . these statesmen, politicians, had naught but a void to draw upon. War to them was the War as it was portrayed to us. They had read in the same histories, they inherited the same prejudices . . . statesmen, politicians, kaisers, kings have not the privilege to know more than the common man . . . all are there in War to kill or to be killed.

They called and we rushed. Rushes—that curious, epochal word! The rush of '49, of '98 . . . the romance of it . . . the adven-

ture . . . stories written, songs . . . poems, panegyrics, plays.

The rush of 1914—then the slow, almost imperceptible lagging in that rush as the years went by. In 1914 when the trumpet wakened the ends of the world from lethargy, men could not be held. Men of nations not involved sped to join those who were. Far-flung countries took sides.

Nineteen-fourteen, and the queues of enlisting soldiery stretched for blocks. Nineteen-sixteen—staid old Mother England whispered, vaunted, commanded, demanded . . . conscription. Conscripts—because men *knew*.

Have you ever visited a stockyard? Have you looked in the eyes of the corralled animals? Have you seen them . . . dumb brutes . . . watch their kind enter the tumbril chute?

Nineteen-sixteen, and it was hard to go . . . damnably hard.

Poison gas . . . and a man lay writhing, twisting, contorted . . . a half corpse . . . tubercular, better dead.

Nineteen-sixteen, and imagination did not picture glory. Romance, chivalry had faded, and gallantry was for the millions. Medals lost their potent brilliancy.

Nineteen-sixteen, and the enlisted hero be-

came a number. Prisons teemed, typhoid rife; and malodorous nationalities squatted beast-like in huddled groups. Men scooped garbage and fed savagely.

Two years after . . . hard . . . devilish hard.

Food short, and a man got a printed ticket to give his wife, his child . . . for bread.

Your conscription summons was in your pocket. Not B1 nor even a C3—an A1 man, and you passed a pleasure party of wounded men. They carried one in a basket. They have put babies in such baskets sometimes, just after they are born. "Easy boys," and orderlies wipe the sweat from his brow . . . he winces, but no hands clench . . . there are no hands . . . no restless feet . . . there are no legs. A square body and a head—and you've your A1 summons in your breast pocket; you've got to join, for the longer away the finish, the longer away the winning . . . the more . . . baskets.

Aye, two years after we knew War and we swore if we lived . . . a mighty sized if . . . it would be the *last* War. "They'll drag *me* to the next one at the rope's end." . . . "Aye, and me and me and me!"

What has been done? Have we traveled

anywhere on the permanent Peace road? Nineteen-sixteen is long ago . . . Nineteen-eighteen is past . . . memories of dreadful things are short. Men do not tell of fears, for moral cowardice will not acknowledge that the flesh shrinks and is weak.

Nineteen twenty-three and it is easy to forget . . . a blast of trumpet, the bugle call, a roll of drum . . . marching feet, a scarehead . . . the other fellow dares then . . . the next War.

No soldiers, no War; no virus in the blood, no lust to kill. No regular soldiers can carry on a War. War is made by volunteers.

It was Christmas morning of 1914. The War was not over, but the sun shone on the French front and the spires of Soissons gleamed distantly. A carillon sounded through the crisp air, no vast fleets of airplanes as yet had developed. Matins rang, and a French poilu, thus early in irresponsible mood, flung his cap wide, flourished his bottle—gift of some too generous farmer neighbor—while he sprang from hidden, strategic guard and danced a *pas seul* on the frozen parapet. A thousand yards away a German guard sighted his gun. The wind carried a louder peal of bells. The weapon lowered:

“O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,
Wie schön sind deine Blätter,
Du grünst nicht nur sur Sommerzeit,
Aber auch im Winter, wenn es schneit;
O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,
Wie schön sind deine Blätter!”

Did the bells really sing The Christmas Tree? Hans dropped his rifle. Heavily accoutred he clambered up the parapet; slowly a smile broke over his dirty, smeared face . . . and across a thousand yards a vivacious tenor voice called, “*Bon jour, monsieur l’ennemi!*”

“*Guten morgen!*”

The desultory shooting along the line ceased. No command of officer, no armistice. Two men . . . a pealing bell . . . good memories . . . a smile.

Heads bobbed up along the parapets. Men laughed, climbed out. From Soissons to the English Channel—French, German, British—they shook hands, they played their games of football, sang songs, told jokes, exchanged gifts of tobacco, chocolate, small comforts one or other might not have.

There was no white flag waved, no nation was subjugated.

If the fight had been called off then, honor would have been left to all engaged. Had

nations recognized the gesture of the "White Prophet" who thus unfolded a parable . . . but Noel passed and hollowly on the morning after, the great guns sounded, the bell crashed in resonant disaster as the shell made its mark . . . men sought shelter, and the world conceived its pregnancy of hate.

So needless . . . so heedless!

As children all of us had been taught of Christmas. Peace on earth, goodwill to men . . . universal love. Christmas of 1914 was the demonstration of this beautiful teaching imbued into our subconscious being for this *one* day. Had it been taught for all other days . . . I wonder . . . what then?

CHAPTER XI

HATE—BLOODY HATE

THE late War brought forth a greater power of hatred than did any other previous happening in the world's history.

The intensity of such hate tends to madness. Insanity claimed its hundreds in the War years, and although fear may have broken the nerve of some few, hate claimed the intelligence of the many. The majority of the insane keep on fighting in their madness. Insane in their dreams they pantomime killing again and again. The delirious wounded soldier was a menace to nurses, and in his extremity would attempt to strangle to death those nearest him . . . oftentimes those dearest.

I did not go to the late War because I hated Germans. I had many German acquaintances, I had belonged to a German Club.

"Why fight? We are Saxons, you are Anglo-Saxons," was the sign a Saxon regiment put up, who lay opposite to us in the trenches. They were the first of the enemy we met. For a week we never fired a shot, nor

did they. Why fight? Saxons and Anglo-Saxons indeed . . . almost blood brothers. We fought because we had been taught it was the only way out, with honor. We fought because the desire for adventure was a part of our birthright. We had learned that adventure could only be the part of the ordinary man through the machinery of War and War making. We fought because, youthlike, we longed to be heroes. We wanted to emulate the men who were held up to us as heroes from babyhood.

We fought thoughtlessly until hate came.

To some it came quickly; to others of us slow, but so very sure. Surely the bitter, deep, rancorous thought plunged into our sensibilities and held our souls in thrawl.

It was not in the battle line that I came to my fullest realization of hate. My company lay in a sector many miles away. I was not in France at all. I was in London. I was on leave—furlough, having a holiday, save the mark, a respite.

My buddie, cobber, pal, matey, as the old cockney has it, and I picked up another group of four soldiers one day. At evening we strolled into a theater to pass the time. We were enjoying ourselves immensely. The

turns were good. The dancers, singers, comedians excellent in side-splitting jokes—mostly about War—joking about it. Yes, and we laughed.

Then the lights failed. A crash . . . it seemed the roar of some tremendous astral body . . . falling. Women screamed. To the trained ear of us who were soldiers came the rattle of crisp musketry. Followed turmoil, and rushing bodies tumbling toward the unseen exits. Vainly voices called from the stage. Someone tried to sing, and the orchestra played a patriotic air. It did not stem the tide . . . useless. Through the blackness people struggled toward the doors. Men shouted, women fell, were trampled underfoot. At last the open air . . . another crash, a fire engine went screaming by . . . an ambulance, orderlies, some uniformed nurses. Someone flashed a light. A mass of crushed bodies lay on the path. A hole, two, three, four holes gaped in the roadway. A woman, demented, ran yelling by, in her arms a baby. Its head hung dreadfully. I remember it so well—that baby—thing.

This was the first Zeppelin raid over London. Men cursed and shook impotent fists; and the great ships of death rode overhead,

gleaming sides iridescent in a sudden shaft of searchlight . . . so very beautiful . . . exquisite against the blue-black of the moonless sky.

Below, another bomb . . . bursting, scattering red sparks, human pieces splashed against gray house walls. And there broke loose a whirlpool of hate. Women called damnation. Crowds eddied back and forth like corks upon a stream. People mouthed, muttered, screamed, moaned, cursed, swore, cried softly. Black hatred gleamed heavy in every blood-shot eye.

Hate was born.

That was the first raid. Hate demonstrated itself that night, it confirmed its birth with lusty yells. Later, when other raids came with regularity, people did not voice that which had gone too deep for expression. Later still, hate became organized.

We, six soldiers who had already been in the line, stood somewhat bewildered. We never had felt this way before. A surge of passion akin to madness swept our brains. We sprang forward with the crowd, we cursed, and we called down damnation too, invoked hell . . . shouted invective burning, blistering, upon the enemy—the enemy who happened to be Ger-

man. We hated him—how we hated! And this time he was German.

Next, we never thought about a next War. The main thing was to get on with the current one. The enemy was killing our women and children in our homes. He was asking for what was coming to him, and we were there to give it. We were getting our fill of glory, romance, adventure.

And then I saw an Army Corps learn to hate. Some of us had already seen the sights of ruined cities. I, too, had seen the exodus from Ypres than nothing, I had thought, could be more terrible. Some of us had seen the results of a brutality it is useless to recite. Those who have not seen have not the power to visualize such dreadfulness. There are those who even at this late date would have us soldiers deny that we tracked and traced the mark of men turned to brute beasts . . . by War.

Some of us hated, but not all. This morning of another day, I saw all of us learn to hate, drink deep of hatred, begin the awful paradox of living which called upon us to love to hate—glorying in it, feeling hate to satisfy us as does affection and sympathy in peace.

This morning I saw such a mass of tremendous passion sweep our men that it will take

many days of softening influences; years to pass between; honest, strong endeavor to shroud this passion in the softer folds of even partial forgetfulness.

For the first time in all history this day, poison gas was let loose in warfare by an enemy, and this time the enemy was German. It rolled in billows . . . hugged close the scarred earth . . . filled shell holes as though with a fallen cloud. Certain colored troops, unprepared and unwarned, ignorantly superstitious of the supernatural, fled before the creeping menace. The cloud rolled over the empty space, and behind the cloud swept rank on rank of the gray-clad enemy. They were sent to finish where the gas left off. The gas reached the Army Corps of which I was a unit. Men dropped writhing, foaming at the mouth. Blood flowed from nose, ears, and starting eyes. They blackened . . . died abominably. Sometimes a vindictive bullet or a bayonet thrust mercifully loosed the soul from the quivering body. I often wonder, did God hide His face? Men—made in His image—they gloried in this blasphemous form of death. Better this than to die a parody of the Christ—arms outstretched!

And we who inhaled less of the filthy

noxiousness grew black with a deadlier hate. Then, with what strength we could gather, did we kill and kill and kill. More, we butchered savagely. Sharp, twisting bayonet points, clubbed guns, a knife dropped by some colored man, snatched quickly . . . buried to the haft . . . swift death . . . swift gorging of hate . . . lust of battle . . . revenge . . . madness!

It was War, and the enemy (German this time) had thought first of something most deadly, most ugly. They had put something "over on us." They had "gone one better."

I wonder, had *we* thought of poison gas first; had our scientists "been on the job"; would we have yielded to the temptation to use it or not? Thank God we did not think of it first.

In no wise can any enemy be excused for such a loathsome atrocity, but they must have cursed us afresh—yielded to new furies of hate—when our tanks rumbled forward and crushed the flesh of quivering Teutons beneath the Gargantuan levers of this modern Jugernaut.

Will men *dare* make a next War? If we do, whom shall we fight—and fighting, whom shall we hate? English, German, French, Russian,

Japanese . . . all the same. The nationality is immaterial after War is launched. Enemy is the only sound which penetrates the thunder and overwhelming crash of death-dealing.

Hate curdles the blood, menaces the flesh, diseases the mind.

Nations have been ill, sadly, seriously, violently sick of the dread disease . . . nerves saturated with the insidious germ. Hate has killed men. Who, among men, may kill hate . . . and how?

CHAPTER XII

HAS THE MADNESS PASSED?

WAR is like gambling. If the virus gets into the blood it is hard to remove. Once there has been a War, it is difficult to get men's minds from the bias which leads to killing. Those who make Wars and find them profitable dread the years barren of dividends which come from others' death and suffering.

Survivors' nerves are ragged. Nations are emotional, irritable, easy of offense. People are "sore." The earth suffers from a toothache, and there is no one sufficiently courageous to pull the aching molar. There is an overplus of sentimentality, and deliberate keeping of bad memories green.

Opportunities are sought, even among erstwhile friends, for subtle contemptuous little pinpricks. Governments may do their poor best; but the people who should make and direct the policies of government are yet weighted with the overhanging shadow of hate and prejudice.

Suspicion, distrust, envy, malice, greed, ran-

cor, bitterness . . . these sour the soul and thwart man's kindest intentions.

Ignorance, misunderstanding, unbending pride, tortured feelings, sense of injury . . . these breed new hates, lead to viler Wars.

Non-combatants in the past War see only one issue: Fight!

The ex-veteran sees only one issue: No more War for me!

The rising generation sees only one issue: When shall we get our chance of glory?

The women who suffered see only one issue: God send us Peace!

And quietly, persistently, mysteriously, sinister, goes on the preparation for more War.

Scientists . . . are all their energies bent toward Peace? Or, are there now men in their secret laboratories discovering gases, one drop of which may wipe out a city? Are there underground agencies at work to steal these formulas, rivalry of nations to secure the secrets of new death?

Are there any scientists experimenting with bombs—aerial bombs, filled with condensed death—so that such an exploded missile will sweep poison low and turn crops to blackened rotteness, tear animals asunder, lay the earth bare?

Are there scientists hanging breathless over retorts where boil gases whose reek will disintegrate the human body, whose horror will be a curse before the Almighty?

Are there men who hourly crave to control the air waves, so that death can be precipitated untold leagues; that the turning of a button, the pressing of a knob may create a vacuum in God's clear atmosphere, and without warning close the earth life to fellow mortals?

Who are these men who would assume the prerogative of Deity?

Can not their work be turned to the benefit of mankind and the glory of Heaven? Can they, with their wisdom, learning, superb intelligence, not turn that to the *good* of the earth?

Of aerial navigation . . . aerial vessels advancing at almost unbelievable speed to perfection, we calculate the measure of that perfection in the weight of ammunition to be carried—the speed of army transport.

Destructive thought, destructive inventions,—these keep the world in War's shadow. War is still popular. The man in our own street distrusts the motives of the man in the neighboring alley. No one is in the open. Frankness of speech, honesty of purpose, indifference

to superfluity of gain,—these things are not universal.

Constructive policies are unknown. If certain statesmen are striving to get together a foundation upon which to build, we find rivals as eagerly looking for means to undermine what has been done. We find a thousand ideas and a thousand opinions. There is no cohesive plan, there is no co-operation, concentration, toward the one end of Peace. We conserved money, energy, man power, woman power, children, mineral resources, food production to the end of War winning. We do not conserve to the end of discontinuing possibilities of War. We could organize for War, but none of us can imagine the possibility of organizing the world for Peace.

It can be done, if we will.

We issued bonds to pay for the prosecution of War. It was necessary, and men contributed cheerfully, generously. We do not issue bonds for the purveyance of Peace, but if we did, are men sufficiently interested—honestly bound heart and soul to a Peace cause—to make them eager to purchase Peace bonds, were they available?

Who, but a few, have done more than say,

“War is too dreadful; I hope there is never another”?

There is bound to be more War, inevitable War, if the madness, the virus of killing is not removed from the fundamentals of man's nature.

If national animosities are continuously fanned to flame; if indignation gets beyond bounds; if slights are waited for, anticipated; if imitation panics are engineered when one nation builds a larger war vessel than another; if one half of the world goes round watching for the attack of the other half; if individuals sleep with loaded guns beneath their pillows . . . the madness is not gone . . . War is still very possible. To hide the head ostrich-like beneath the sand is no protection for individual or country. The world is too closely knit in this age. What one section does involves all others.

CHAPTER XIII

THE WASTED YEARS

ONE evening, not long since, I was in an American home in the middle West. Among the company were a Frenchman and a German. They shook hands. Later they began to talk, and we listened. They recalled the names of battles, and they found that each had, with his regiment, lain opposite the other. With short intervals of leave or convalescence for minor wounds, they had been for four years trying to kill each other. Now they shook hands. By a miracle they had escaped to sit pleasantly in an American drawing-room of a cultured home; to call upon mutual reminiscences for the entertainment of a mixed company. I, too, had been trying for a less time to kill a German—and he to kill me—although we recalled no mutual happenings.

It was then that I thought of those lost four years . . . forty-eight months. . . . One thousand four hundred and sixty-one days spent in the endeavor to murder—legitimately—according to the custom of warring men.

Wasted years. Soldiers of all nations dropped from civil life at the years of age which are most vital to a man's future. In the early twenties a man finds his footing—he chooses his profession—finds his niche—gets his start—prepares to found his family, to settle down.

From 1914, men at this vital period were swung from the path of constructive endeavor to the unchartered desert of ruthless destruction. Men ceased to be men. They became, instead, numbered machines, automats, incited to passion, to energy,—or pushed back to apathy as their masters needed attack or passive defense.

From 1914, men's ambition was deadened. It was enough that the body still breathed. Initiative became atrophied. All War does this. Discipline, as known to the army, is the breaking down of a man's will until he automatically obeys . . . without question. In a certain Guards' regiment at the salute, the soldier's hand must hit the stock of his rifle a resounding thwack—so loud that the echo carries it. "Louder, louder!" barks the sergeant, and blood drops from the recruit's palm, raw flesh bangs stickily against the gunstock, sweat drops from his face, tortured nerves twist, a

mind which once was individual breaks. He dare not rebel—and he becomes a cog, a mighty delicate and a worthy cog, yet a cog in the wheel of War.

I have nothing against armies. Every country can have just as large an army as their people will pay for—that is up to them—it does not touch my point. My point is War . . . tell the truth of War. My quarrel is not with armies, nor yet with army methods . . . it is with War that makes the soldier necessary; the thought of the world which drives men to legitimate murdering; that pushes the volunteer into the slough of waste years.

Wasted years. From 1914, eager for adventure, primed for glory, come the swaggering youth in the uniform which fascinates by its correct lines. But youth, in his years which should be full of aggressive self-assertion, the years of “finding himself,” is under the sway of discipline; becomes a dependent. Not consciously, not by intention; he is made so—for the necessity of War.

He is fed . . . rations. “I was sore to see him enlist, but then I was glad, for I thought he would at least get his rations,”—thus the comment of a mother. He gets his food, plenty of it when it can be transported to

him—served roughly—the niceties of civil life removed. There is no time for subtleties of convention in the career which sandwiches food-swallowing between the hours of calculated wholesale killing.

He is clothed . . . the recruit lives by requisition. He asks for a tunic, breeches, boots. The requisition is written out, taken to the store, filled, and filed. From head to foot, he is turned out to pattern, to scale. In appearance he has no distinction from his fellow. In mind—in War—he must have no distinction.

Remove initiative. No Anglo-Saxon has yet entirely lost this gift from Heaven, yet . . . it can be successfully stunted in growth by War. It must be . . . co-ordination, cohesion, co-operation which are essential to prosecute War successfully. No underling must advance an opinion, nor must he act upon his own thought at its source. The “unknown” make the War, the generals plan the campaign, the colonels get the orders, the captains carry on, the lieutenants whisper them to the sergeants, they bawl to the men . . . the soldier acts . . . a marionette with gray, sinister hands pulling the strings . . . advance, retreat, march . . . quick, slow, at the double. . . . KILL!

I have nothing against armies, nothing against officers. How can I? Many of them I can only honor among all men. But, as with the noblest of officers, I loathe War. War makes this deadening process necessary . . . War which must overpower sensibility and enliven sensualities.

Then the waste years when the discharged man strives to readjust himself to civil life . . . his strangeness . . . his new outlook . . . an alien to his wife . . . his mother . . . his friends. Misunderstood . . . unable to explain . . . overwhelmed by a new psychology . . . personality altered . . . character development at a standstill.

Wasted years . . . and he comes back to settle down. Get him a job. Put him in an executive position, and one day he forgets there is no colonel to make up his mind for him; no general to stand the blame of a wrongly-planned strategic move.

Patriotic employers give him back the job he was in before he went to War, and at the same pay. He is starting again where he left off. The under-age youth has already gained the steps above, which should have been his by right. He receives the same money . . . and prices are scaled to pay for War. His job,

100 THE INEXCUSABLE LIE

perhaps, has been held down by a woman. "Is that all that I'm worth . . . doing woman's work?" he asks.

Wasted years . . . and discontent.

Unemployment—unable to find work—disabled, unfitted for the job he held down before. "If I were dead in France, I'd be worth more! A wreath on my grave . . . a flag spread over my coffin . . . a pension of sorts to compensate my wife for me!" Wife, children dependent . . . a sufficiently generous Government at the end of its giving. "Better finish it and them." Continuous fever; doses of ever-recurring poison gas; suicide, murder . . . civil murder.

Tragedy that he should return from such a hell and have to think of such things!

It is easy to turn to thoughts of death . . . when death was one's *bon bouche* for years . . . wasted years, years sprayed with the briny tang of blood.

Four years men spent in the last War. Four years would have trained a physician to heal the bodies of his fellows. He could have combated for the destruction of disease.

Four years, and the theological student would have emerged from his chrysalis to become the divine—ministering the creed of

Christ—leading souls to the light of Heaven.

Four years, and the commercially minded might have opened the trade for a new commodity, helped the wealth of his country.

Four years, a rich period when inventors could have yielded their conceptions for the constructive development of the human race.

Wasted years . . . when men of brain, of rare intelligence, bent all power toward destructive force . . . poison gas . . . creeping flame . . . big berthas . . . tanks . . . shells of unbelievable caliber . . . guns of unbelievable speed . . . redoubts for defense, pill-boxes . . . aerial devices and aerial defenses.

Wasted years . . . when artists prostituted their genius . . . camouflaged canvas for the deception of the enemy. True, camouflage saved the lives of many a combatant and non-combatant by land and sea. But art—art, the gift of the gods—the inspiration of angels—how many lost masterpieces from the paint that camouflaged!

Wasted years . . . when forests were denuded; trees ruthlessly slaughtered as men . . . stumps bleeding . . . hacked off . . . the giants of our mountain sides gone to make “duck-walks.” “Duck-walks!” Huts for rough shelter . . . staples to support under-

ground, moldering homes . . . trenches. Lumber, plank on plank,—for coffins. Shame to us of our generation, who let War bare the earth of vegetation for so sinister a purpose!

Wasted years . . . when men and women stood by yawning furnaces, running molten metal to deadly shapes, to encompass death for fellow creatures, made in His image . . . as we. Wasted, wasted years, when men and women could have been organized to turn out wealth of engineering—metal—to the benefit of earth . . . productive energy.

Wasted years . . . when live men sort out graves. Year in, year out, a graves' commission that files in pigeonholes the details of where corrupted flesh lies hid. Oh, the recklessness of it! Do the spirits of the wasted lives grin sardonically, cheer on the waste, while we prepare for more?

Bigger guns . . . bigger battleships . . . more war aerials . . . come on . . . let's pile 'em up! Train labor to construct destructive force, and blame him if his thoughts keep on the destructive plane.

Wasted years . . . when men strive to get back even to where they were. Is depression a new wonder to the world—nervous debility anything to be surprised over?

Energy, force, divine power, love, creation,—have they gone for nothing?

Wasted years . . . did I say *four* wasted years? Bah! rather it is a decade. To-day men quarrel over who shall hand over the largest amount of gold and to whom. To-day, nine years after, allies quibble over debris of shell and broken scraps of steel . . . lying on rotted battlefields.

War destroys, even to the foundations. Man, who must be the energizing force—soul, of all progress—is himself set back a hundred, two hundred years.

Live as a savage for four long years . . . will you bother with a finger bowl at the dinner table in the fifth? Will you use a napkin; or draw the back of your hand across your mouth? Ridiculous, maybe, but only a comparison.

Wasted years. Are more to follow, or will the world realize the waste and rebuild the foundation? If the cornerstone of faith be secured, then can we hope to retrieve, and . . . perhaps to atone.

Wasted years. . . . Where does their reflex end?

CHAPTER XIV

WHAT DOES WAR DO FOR YOUTH?

“MILITARY training for boys puts manhood in them that they cannot get anywhere else.” I saw that paragraph quoted somewhere as the saying of a small boy not yet in his teens.

“Military training for boys puts manhood in them.” It may. I never had any deliberate military training myself when a boy, and yet I became a soldier, which has been accepted as the mark of manhood in the past few years. There is one thing of which I am sure: *War* does not put manhood into the youth of the world . . . War is more liable to take it out.

Manhood,—what is it? Webster calls it human nature, manliness, presumably a strong complex; courage, helpfulness, caring for the weak, tender, thoughtful; sincere, honest of purpose, definite of principle; chivalrous toward motherhood and womanhood.

War does not increase these steadfast virtues. To youth who realizes War, the motto is necessarily “Let’s eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.” And he may or may

not die. If he does, God Almighty is his immediate judge. If he lives to remember, he himself must judge his own actions. "Military training as a boy makes a man a better soldier," goes on my youthful, unknown philosopher; "it gets inside him and he never loses it."

Exactly . . . so completely true.

And a better soldier is the trained automat most earnestly determined to kill . . . that is when War develops . . . and soldiers are trained for anticipated War. It is suicidal competition in armies and armaments, pure waste in the view of the people's prosperity, which led and can lead to the temptation to War.

It gets inside him and he never loses it. Pardon, good youth, it does leave him; it leaves him when he has sampled naked War, War denuded of its trappings of gilded romance . . . golden glory. It leaves him when he smells the stink of putrefying flesh—men, horses, heaped cattle one upon the other.

What does War do for youth? I answer . . . nothing!

What, rather, does War do *to* youth?

Dare we, who countenanced the trappings of War through ignorance, we who are now

deliberately smothering truth,—dare we let youth know what War does to him? Or, do we fear youth's vengeance on us for letting loose the monster?

Of the many, some of youth may come from the crucible of War as fine gold, but even they must carry an overlay of the powdered dross. Did swearing shock his sensitive, undeveloped soul,—concentrated blasphemy in the trenches, curses thrilling through the death rattle, will have blunted the fine edge of the shock.

Has his morality been trained to the high honor of women, the cleanliness of the virgin body? A few trips to the red-light districts of a war-area town will give him a taste of licentious lasciviousness beneath the contempt of brutes.

War . . . and youth. There is no more youth where there has been War.

Modesty outraged . . . fear aroused . . . the whirl of a "good time" . . . what's the use? Hysteria . . . mania.

When young men hear the call of War, nature, rebelling at the coming holocaust, awakes the immature desire for procreation of his kind. "Behold your son . . . before you die." War bugles chant, and Nature subtly whispers in maiden mind: "You are the chosen

mother of the race. Your maternal instinct may be thwarted. Claim your mate."

And young women throw modesty to the four winds. Enticing, coy, heavy-lidded, passion-laden, they raise honey-scented lips, red, full . . . and youth is satiated. We call that nature. It is not. It is War, man-made, outraging nature, the Mother of the world which develops slowly . . . beautifully pure . . . virgin shy.

What does War do to youth . . . improves the breed? The strongest, most physically fit, those of greatest endurance are chosen first to man the fighting ranks. Boys, youths, men in the first flush of true manhood—killed—crippled—disabled—manhood a mockery . . . where are their sons?

Can the children of exempted weaklings, physical weaklings, reproduce physical perfection? Can progenitors eaten with passionate hysteria hand to the race a heritage of cool courage and clean morality?

Improve the breed. Can the man who has entered the house of the scarlet woman bring riches of pure love to pour into the hearts of another generation?

What is the heritage from a father whose blood boiled with the lust to kill? What is the

heritage from a mother who cowered over the casualty lists of a daily newspaper, or clung, racked with pain, to a husband, so soon to be a father, who, fully equipped, forced her back to her bed of travail, while he joined his regiment in the trenches?

Thoughtless through the centuries we have sprung to the adventure of War, and we pass on the thoughtlessness,—careless of the inheritance of debt, of disease, of sorrow.

The flower of a country's young manhood put in its grave. Statistics, figures—I have none of this country or that,—of the world we count twelve million soldiers dead . . . dead youth . . . the might-have-beens. Where are the unborn sons and daughters of these dead . . . wasted youth?

Behind are left the unsexed women, doomed by the lack of mates never to have the crown of all womanhood, maternity. Crazes . . . suppressed desires . . . immodest dress . . . overdisplay of charms . . . the unsatisfied yearning of a lost motherhood . . . only a part of the aftermath of War.

That is all. Youth has inherited these things from the last war. In the days of the Empire, when War ruled, license ran riot. Again immodest dress, loose talk, cravings, drink, drugs,

sensualities . . . that is the inheritance of youth from War.

Helpless, they are thrown into a chaotic whirlpool of churned-up passions of men . . . we call it the world. Youth stumbles on, and War's languors enmesh it.

Blasé . . . the young of to-day have sampled all of the sensations of a generation. War taught them haste. To-day, we live. To-morrow, a heap of dead flesh. Make hay while the sun shines. To-morrow, the grave worms' feast.

War . . . when soldiers are designated "the troops," and it was patriotic to dance, to entertain. God knows, I, a soldier, would be the last to grudge my comrades one tiny alleviation. Yet, young girls waxed womanly, matured before their time, became alluringly delightful amidst their plethora of male admiration . . . blossomed.

Nature. . . .

To-day the plethora is gone. There are nine million graves—not every soldier who died won a grave—the troops are scattered individuals; and the girl is thrown back . . . on what?

These are the inheritances of youth from War. Death, disease, debt, license, hysteria,

deformity, blindness, lurking insanity, prostitution . . . illegitimacy.

Not all,—no, some among the many come out of the crucible as fine gold. But a little of the dross overlays the glory of youth's right to a perfect heritage.

I blame no one person, no nation, no army, no government. Only to blame is the institution of War to which man, long since past the primitive, yet seeks to cling.

The youth who are young to-day must demand a heritage which shall be unsmirched, to hand to those of their generation. Youth must realize that they can abolish War, if they call upon those who unthinkingly dealt in War, and passed to them a heritage bathed in human blood . . . spilt blood.

The stain can be removed. Inheritable disease can be stamped out by removing the tendency thereto. "It gets inside him and he never loses it," quoth my young friend. If civilization is to survive, he must be made to lose it.

Youth is not bad by deliberate intent. Through War we have given youth the tendency. Remove War and the tendency in nations will be removed . . . the tendency to kill.

CHAPTER XV

DECORATIONS—OF WHAT AVAIL?

I GOT my quota of medals. I am proud of them. But I don't intend that my children shall hang them up as altar-pieces before which to worship a hazy memory of myself . . . a memory by which the brightness and gold of the medals, the brilliant glow of their rich ribbons, must conceal the gloom of the tragedies which go to the winning of medals.

For what the soldiers did over there, I would issue dozens of medals to each individual man. But of what avail?

There is a curious psychology in the ownership of a medal. It is a good thing, while the method we have evolved for the winning of medals is a bad thing. I have known a man with his family on the verge of destitution, every article pawned, even to his wife's most cherished possession—her wedding ring—and yet they, with a peculiar tenacity, held on to his medal . . . she with a fiercer pleasure in the continuation of an endurance and a heroism which had reached already one climax

when the man had won the decoration. I have seen the veteran of many wars turning the handles of hand-organs at street corners . . . hopeless in the endeavor of getting back his own job or any kind of work . . . while his eyes wandered from one passer-by to the other, suppliant . . . and his burnished medals hung clinking from the ornate panel of his excuse for beggary . . . his photograph as a soldier flanking the metal tablets.

"For Valor," for bravery in action, for conspicuous heroism on the field of battle, for daring . . . yes, you have seen them all. Brave men—exceptionally so—but have those of this medal class anything over the man who has faced the torture, gone through the mêlée, endured the monotony, finished the job without the spectacular?

This is a difficult thing to write about. People are prone to believe that one could not grudge any decoration to the active soldier. I put on record there is nothing too good for the soldier who fights and who has fought. My point is that decorations are of no avail in that killing, destruction, dirt, disease, degeneration . . . legitimized murder must be set in motion before war medals can be adjudged and awarded.

It is with rarity that one hears of the display of a medal for saving life, the humane action in peace time. Man seems naturally to shrink from publicity of his bent toward being a savior of his fellow man.

The man who pulls a child from a swiftly-running stream, who dashes to save the baby from the oncoming wheels of a truck, is as brave a man as he who has won medals by the score in the heat of battle.

Companionship in danger makes for bravery. A soldier heated by the rage of battle, blinded by an intolerable revenge, aching with the ravaging thought of thwarting the enemy, will dash forward ahead of his comrades . . . will perform miracles.

The casual passer-by on the crowded highway who, alone, in cold blood and unobserved, performs a miracle of bravery, establishes the more difficult feat.

No medals of great moment are issued for triumphant deeds redolent only of happiness. Tragedy and yet again tragedy must be the keynote, the motive of the war medal. It is to win . . . it must also be to die.

There is a lonely, somewhat isolated grave in France. It contains the mortal remains of a British officer. There is nothing on the nar-

row wooden cross, already sinking beneath the weight of Nature's own weeping . . . the rain. In that boy's home lie on velvet-cushioned beds three medals—the highest his country can bestow,—the Victoria Cross, the Military Cross, the Distinguished Service Order. And the boy is dead. The boy was dead—killed before the awards were gazetted—dead because man's machinations had developed into War . . . dead, not because God willed it, but dead because the Almighty hid his face before man's legitimized murder of man . . . man born of woman . . . molded in the image of his Creator. And the medals lie on cushioned beds—blue velvet cushions. They tell of a young life passed but not lived. Young bones rot and young muscles molder. Sometimes it may be that the soul of the medal's alloy will quiver that man should have cast it to the glorifying of tragic, deliberate, unnecessary death.

I won my quota of medals—I am proud of them—but, I would rather not have had them, since with their chink one against the other on my tunic breast, I must hear anew in my imagination's memory the dull clash of steel on flesh, the rattle of artillery, the swift onslaught of machine gunnery. Memories waken as I

handle them, blurred features of dead comrades form on the sphere, and I remember . . . horrible things. Yet, I am proud that my soul was strong to endure . . . proud that it may be left for me to tell the truth of these medals and their winning.

The boy who sees the veteran, uniformed and glittering with honorable "fairings," dreams of glory, honor, adventure, romance . . . and of these things he dreams only. The winning of war medals lies at the end of a sodden way—sodden with blood—sodden with mud, filth, the rotting flesh of dead men.

Decorations. . . . I ask you . . . of what avail? For every one Victoria Cross there are ten thousand wooden crosses.

Pride, ambition realized, glory won, but do we count the cost? Not to ourselves . . . to others?

No, I would not grudge one whit of all possible honors heaped upon the men who gave themselves a sacrifice, but what of a Distinguished Service Order for *peace* time, bestowed upon *live* men, uninjured men . . . men with golden memories, unscarred, unscathed?

Yet, the curious, mystic psychology of the medal remains, when a man will starve before

he parts with that last despairing emblem that marks him a man among men to endure.

Give us medals. Give us awards. Let us keep our self-respect by such sad methods, for we know in soul and heart we have sinned—though not of deliberate volition after all—to gain the reward. But to the youth tell the truth . . . tell the boy that every medal means another—another—another—and yet another dead man . . . horribly dead . . . done to death . . . murdered.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SELFISHNESS OF THOSE WHO WAR

IF a man is commonly honest, he must know that he is bound by all codes of decency and honor to leave good living for those for whom he is responsible . . . to leave a better world for posterity.

When man wars and wins, he remembers triumphs and forgets blood . . . he is ready to triumph again.

When my country wars and loses, we acknowledge no defeat, but we remember blood and fire and Hell's open gateway. We await revenge.

War has been the world's *modus vivendi* of the superior beast ever since the world started; for war beasts beget war brutes, and the vicious circle has revolved, generation follows generation, each generation seeped in a deeper war tradition—each generation saturated by war—each generation war-weary. Once relieved of the virus, it remains supine, dormant, oblivious that satiated War has but retired for a brief

space, a span from father to son, and again from father to son.

Protestations are heard on all sides of the necessity to redeem our promise to the dead, "a War to end Wars." But the dead are gone, the obligation seems less pressing as time goes by. The present is with us, the future nebulous, shadowy . . . we are of to-day. Are we responsible to the past for the future? Are we responsible to the future for the past?

We are. We owe a greater debt to those whom we have brought into the world, though it may be at the instinctive bidding of the Creator, than to those who brought us.

We have inherited a chaotic maelstrom of tradition marking the history of mankind. It is handed to us by speech or written word, and we carry on with us liabilities of confusion from generation to generation. We are mortgaged to the neck and are still paying the accumulated interests of our forefathers. The world, whether we believe in an after-life or not, is ours only on a lifetime lease. Youth has a right to a clear title. We had a right to a clear title . . . we did not get it.

We are given a lifetime to sift the good from the bad; to know good and evil. We can take neither good nor bad with us, but we can leave

one or other or both behind. We can leave our children two distinct groups of principles, deductions, findings, and we can label them plainly as we have found them,—Good—Bad. Youth will sample, test by experience the invidious among them, but he cannot pause in the swift evolution of civilization to experiment with the actual . . . the obviously bad.

We, ourselves, have started with a handicap. We have had no rulings. Life has come to us unfiled, unlisted. Yet, there is no excuse. We are not ignorant. Our knowledge has been bought . . . bitterly. We know War; not only by tragic experience, but through our child minds; for we must know that plastic material retains impressions that indurate material receives only as dents, not affecting the main fiber.

Do we live for ourselves or for the future? "Lay not up treasure on earth" . . . yet neither should we lay up for youths' inheritance, anger, rage, bitterness, openings for strife.

We are selfish in our present . . . we are jealous of the future of youth.

We may not, and possibly will not, see the result of our personal effort . . . a good impulse flourishes like the mustard seed.

Somebody must start sometime. We are bound in honor to the Creator. Civilization has been smothered at intervals by War, yet it has evolved. Imagine then a civilization untrammelled, free,—progress would be phenomenal, were the man-made obstacles removed and the development of the world and the world's inhabitants left to a straight road. There would be a travel speed unbelievable perhaps to us . . . yet realizable once the chance of set-back is gone.

Secure in the present, certain because of our direct acquaintance with War that we shall not plunge blindfold into another maelstrom for ourselves, we leave our children exposed to the same possibility. Wild, roving beasts have been rid from the far places of the earth, because of their depredations. Let a tiny, insignificant, no-account (except to his mother) African baby be caught by a marauding lion, and the white rulers are sent for post-haste to organize a hunt and kill the animal. They come . . . the baby is avenged . . . other black pickaninnies are safe. We eradicate obvious dangers—wild animals, pestilence; we train children in hygiene and sanitation, to save their bodies. We have campaigns against vice. We instil into the child

minds ideals of honor, morality, cleanliness, and it is right to do so. Then we leave roaming abroad and loose the ravening beast which can beget all of these things!

We are cutting the sprouting growth of the weed, and forgetting to dig out the tenuous root.

Quick, radical changes are painful to the mature person. The definitely-formed mind is slow to be convinced of alteration. What has been good enough once seems good enough again. If we, the mature, do not relish change for ourselves, we can see more clearly, perfect the focus of the future and at least direct youth toward the changes which are vital to humanity's well being.

CHAPTER XVII

KEEPING MEMORY GREEN

HISTORY, after all, is but recorded memory. There seldom is an historian present at the particular moment of any happening. The records—and these records I deal with are those of War—are necessarily tinged by the mind bias of the recorder of memories. The old man, or it may be only the older man, who is the writer of world happenings has to deal with the limitation of words, inadequate as they are to express the exact feelings and meaning of the youth who first tells the story.

War history is a record of facts, perhaps, but certainly the facts as seen by this person or that, this country or the other,—not the facts as seen by everybody. It is possible to make ugly facts palatable; and it is possible to slur over facts so that they disappear from positive knowledge.

All the happenings of a lifetime are recorded on the plastic cylinder of the brain. We only call to mind that which pleases us.

It is possible to obliterate, although not entirely to erase, disagreeable things.

Memory, almost involuntarily—certainly deliberately—obliterates the offense.

“I won’t think about it.” A hundred times, a thousand times ugly facts go into limbo by the voicing of such a declaration.

No one denies the truths of history, but one denies that histories are not made palatable reading by the exercise of discretion in the use of memories and facts.

Man is peculiar in that only by constant prodding does his memory function in certain directions. He remembers that in which he is directly interested. He remembers that which directly pleases him. He recalls anything which pleasantly excites, stirs the emotions. He thrills to memories which rouse enthusiasms,—physical, spiritual, emotional excitement.

And memory is mostly a matter of sentiment. Our processes of keeping memory green are stereotyped. One can get used to the absence of anything and anybody. We salve our consciences toward our dead by keeping memory green.

The Chinese leaves rice and sweet foods on the grave of someone departed. We sneer at

him and ask, does he expect the ghost to eat? We heap flowers on the bosom of the earth where our dead lie, and are indignant if we are asked, do you expect the ghost to smell them?

"Our" dead, we call them—they—free spirits—*ours!* But it keeps memory green. If we do not continue to visit the graveyard, the anniversary may pass, and we recall with a start that ten, a dozen years have gone since the passing.

And it is by green memories that we carry on feuds, renew spites, sow seeds for revenge. Sometimes memory is tended by malice aforethought, sometimes it flourishes unconsciously, kept greenly blooming by unintentional revivifying influences.

I am writing these chapters in a town where notices are displayed that fifty thousand dollars is wanted to build a memorial to the soldiers who went from here to the last War. I have passed through towns—small places—large cities, and I have seen beautifully modeled statues, exquisite bronzes erected to keep memory green. Lovely things . . . one looks at the strong lines, the subtle impress of movement, the motionless "life."

Soldiers . . . always soldiers. Rifles

raised and bayonets fixed . . . soldiers in uniform . . . soldiers gallant, soldiers glorious; but no hint of the unhappy, nefarious business that binds the soldier to his job.

If I were the greatest hero of the last War—I am not—but if I were, I would have died unknown and unsung rather than that such exquisite work as these statues, such memorials should keep my memory green. I know—the fellow of my own age and similar experience knows—but the youth, the child, the unborn generations, do not know that the fine bronze, the white unsullied marble, the gilded lettering record only half a fact.

A glorious statue . . . a glorious memory . . . a glorious desire to emulate. In a town in one of the western States I have seen a beautiful work of art, the figure of a soldier, war-equipped, his look fastened piercingly on some unknown object; the inscription, "Erected to encourage youth to emulate."

How can youth emulate, unless there is also placed in one hand a bayonet, in the other a bomb upraised . . . unless there is provided for him an enemy to kill . . . in short, unless War is arranged, engineered, fixed?

Yes; emulate the steadfastness of the soldier, emulate his courage, his devotion to duty

wherever that duty may lie, his sense of comradeship, his ideal of service, his honor toward his brother of the ranks, his teamwork, his worth of sacrifice. Good. But there gleams in the sun a glorious molten figure; a bomb upraised to throw, a bayonet sharp and gleaming. It is the glory of War. "Youth, if you become a soldier you will be as he, if there is War." And youth, who sucks in the subtle poison, makes War for his own glorification.

A statue . . . yes, perhaps, to the memory of the soldier; but do not slur facts. Suppose that exquisite bronze might have the glorified face of the man portrayed in truth—the features distorted with rage, the mouth twisted in curses; his enemy prone at his feet; his bloodshot eyes seeking fresh spoor to trail; his features caked with mud, splattered with blood and dead men's brains; contorted bodies of dead comrades heaped on shattered bodies of dead enemies . . . a head here, a limb there. Can any artist—dare any sculptor design and execute in stone, in bronze, the ghastly truth of the soldiers' fate in War? Will any town decorate its parkway, the city hall square, with that thing which truly visualizes War, truly commemorates with eternal greenness what War means? Will any sculp-

tor mold the pitiful figure of what is left of a wounded soldier—legless, armless, blind, gibbering in insanity, and with horrible mutilated features? What city will put on such a picture its bronze tablet with gilded lettering, “Encourage youth to emulate”?

Ghastly . . . yes. True . . . yes, a thousand times more true than he of uplifted head, rippling muscles, strong, virile, vital. Less courageous, no. The wounded man was as the other before War got him. Less patriotic, no. A stronger, truer picture of patriotism . . . this is what men suffer when countries go to War. Here is no appeal to sentimental idealism; but plain, horrid facts. And memory will stay so green that the cast metal must crumble into dust, before youth will strive to obliterate its truth in fictitious glory.

CHAPTER XVIII

WASTE AND WANT

THE late President of the United States told his people that eighty-five cents of every dollar in the Treasury of the American nation goes to Wars . . . past, present, and future. America spends less on War than any of the other nations of the world, with the exception possibly of the Scandinavian countries.

Mathematicians prove that out of every dollar of the world's money, ninety-seven cents goes to War . . . past, present, and future. Three cents are left in each dollar to feed, clothe, and educate the world . . . to provide for inventions, the development of mankind, the interchange of commerce, religious enterprises, the lifting of humanity, hygiene, sanitation, discovery, literature, art, music.

Ninety-seven cents are spent in the provision of armaments for the destruction of one or other section of humanity . . . ninety-seven cents for the upkeep of hospitals, asylums, pensioners—equipment to cure unneces-

sary evils; vice eradicators for the vice which War has brought in its train. Ninety-seven cents in every dollar of the world's hard-earned wealth are thrown into the limbo of useless things. Follows low production for want of liquid capital, high prices for want of quick turnover, low wages for want of fast demand . . . need, by reason of deliberate waste.

Necessary, possibly, but an evil which can be removed as other evils have been removed, thoroughly cleansed by the united will of mankind.

We are taxed, overwhelmed by taxes for what is dead and gone, and again for what as yet has not been. It is like buying clothing on the instalment system, which is worn out before it becomes the property of the purchaser.

There is suicidal competition in armaments, financially suicidal, which is pure waste from the point of view of the prosperity of the people, and which eventually leads to the temptation to War.

Money is claimed for destruction, and it goes less far. The constructive power of ninety-seven cents is double that of the destructive power. War means destruction--of mankind, material, country. It costs less

in outlay and upkeep for a merchant vessel than a battleship. The merchantman knits the world in friendship; it is an educator, it introduces the products of one land to another. It is an ambassador and a diplomat, a commercial representative and a salesman. It is a distributor of wealth and an accumulator of money. A battleship is a barbed wire fence, with a "trespassers will be prosecuted" notice on top. It consumes all and produces nothing. It is a bankrupt investment.

Impossible to scrap battleships . . . yet. A disproportion of strength between two nations, however friendly in their relations, is looked upon with suspicion, and is so alarming to nervous governments that they cannot allow it. Armies, navies must drag out their own weary existence. Common sense is the keynote of development. Gradual reduction, universal and internationally agreed upon is reasonable. Reduce the ninety-seven cents by a cent at a time. Slow . . . effective . . . sure. If three cents can clothe, feed, educate humanity poorly as it may be, what tremendous possibilities lie in four cents! What unbelievable heights of comfort reached with five cents! What unimaginable joy, luxury, development, universal supply . . . unem-

ployment eliminated, the monster wolf starvation turned to a myth . . . hunger, cold, disease but nightmares . . . if ninety-three cents were ours to spend on constructive forces and only seven cents languished in the cockpits of dilapidated battleships!

I have seen in former years the forests of England—giant trees, growth of hundreds of years—oaks of mighty girth, cedars with satin texture, chestnuts, holly with its white hardness, yew, hardwood . . . a thousand trees.

And lately I saw their bleeding stumps, with, hard by, weak quivering striplings set in the hacked ground in the hope that years hence, scores of years, trees of mighty girth might grow again. I have seen these forest giants hewn down and ripped into lumber for greedy mills. I have watched carpenters saw and chop and rivet hundreds of feet of it into hundreds and thousands of coffins . . . coffins uniform of size, so that some small bodies rattled round in them, and big bodies were wedged tight. I have walked on the sawn-up trees of old England, when they had become duckboards in muddy trenches.

And for years the people of England have been facing a housing problem. Houses are

not to be had, building material is beyond reach, and rents are beyond paying.

Turn to the Government, and a Housing Commission solemnly deliberates, solemnly records that there are no houses; solemnly affirms that lumber, because of War demands, is now scarce. But your Commissions do not record that the coffins of a hundred men would have provided housing, under legitimate, constructive use, shelter for a score of living families.

The forests of France lie prone to-day. Shells ripped down trees like edged saws. Tanks ponderously rumbled over vegetation tall or short . . . ground forests to match-wood.

The forests of Germany, Austria, Bavaria, and most of Russia, are as though they had not been, and there is nothing to show for it.

The decade just gone by has been fruitful of invention: aerial navigation, a perfected wireless telephony, strides in photography . . . science come to an apparent peak of accomplishment. And yet the main enterprise has been directed toward destruction. Scientists have discovered marvelous gases which corrode men's bodies and burst their lungs; liquid flames which when released will cover large

areas; flames that penetrate the vital regions of men's anatomy and bring to actuality the burning, fiery flashes of a once mythical hell. Huge guns are born with a power of propulsion which makes space non-existent. Clever, ingenious mechanisms are made to the end that one man can more quickly and effectively destroy the other man. Bombs that rip and splinter and tear . . . poison darts . . . inventions of wireless which can produce death without contact with the victim.

It represents so much wasted energy . . . nations hysterical with effort, and the effort gone for nothing.

Turn the full strength of force, effort and output toward construction, and development would be a score of years ahead. Even with destruction rampant and science run wild, some small progress has gone to the benefiting of mankind. Think of all of this bent to man's betterment . . . a glory indeed . . . an accomplishment of gallantry . . . a worthy object of emulation!

CHAPTER XIX

WHO ARE THE HEROES?

MAYBE I should record my query, "What are heroes?" And I could answer, popular figures, blazoned by popular fancy, mounted on precarious pedestals, balanced warily lest their popularity topple before they have the luck to die popular.

Scathing, perhaps. True, absolutely.

We hate to think of our heroes as less than gods. We surround them with emotional gratitude. We hail them individually, for man likes his loves in units. We fill the air with sickly sentiment, and when we get to the last analysis, we ask who are the heroes, and . . . what heroes men could be?

There is a certain amount of chance about becoming a hero. Opportunity may set that way . . . a turn of the wheel of fate, a half hour's publicity, two lines on the front page of a newspaper, another man's ideal of life portrayed for him, and a hero is proclaimed.

Through the years the words War and

Hero have become synonymous. If they do not absolutely agree in the minds of the deeper thinkers, they do most assuredly in the mind of youth—the young man, the young girl.

Be heroic, be gallant, be glorious, we teach in childhood and in age. But, be a warrior, be warlike, unconquerable is the counterpart of heroism.

Jot down offhand a few names of heroes as we have learned them—pick them from the air—take them at random—who are the popular heroes?

Marshal Foch, French hero, world hero—a fine man, honest in his purpose, clever, skilled, vibrant with power, head of a vast War machine.

Field Marshal Haig, a good Scotch type; dogged, hard-headed, fair-minded, just; general manager of a business we have hitherto thought necessary, War.

Von Hindenburg, a German field marshal, strong, stubborn, somewhat of an egotist, cruel perhaps, but faithful to his own particular trust; organizer of a marvelous art, the brutal art of wholesale killing.

The Grand Duke Michael of Russia—Marshal French—Earl Kitchener—General Pershing—Richtauffen, the aviator whom the

enemy hated to kill and honored to his graveside,—Sergeant Yorke, brilliant, dashing, courageous,—Old Bill of the British Empire, who typifies a hundred thousand of his kind, strong to endure, faithful unto death, long-suffering, the pawn on the checkerboard of War.

These men are heroes, popular heroes, spectacular. We call them familiarly by their last names. No doubt they are modest in themselves as men. If they had ever thought of it, I am assured horror would grip them that boys should hold them as the ideal for emulation, that young women should urge their brothers, sweethearts to go and do likewise; for, to realize the heroism of these men, there must be War provided; there must be legitimized murder, filth, obnoxiousness, horrifying sights, gutted humans, men reduced to the primitive . . . worse than primitive for the savage has excuse for savagery in that he can know nothing better.

Unthinking emulation of War heroes must be a certain way of ultimately producing War.

Lincoln — another hero — even he, great man, full of wisdom and understanding, an emancipator of the very thoughts of all humanity,—he, by reason of his childhood train-

ing, believed force the only medium with which to convince. He called for soldiers in '61. But Lincoln the man has outlived Lincoln the militarist. There was no greater patriot, no more splendid civilian; but uniformless, clad in the quaint, clumsy garb of his day . . . his monuments have no spectacular call . . . glory is not used before his name. It is Lincoln the man, not Lincoln the war-equipped hero; and boys strive in vain to put into that drooping, slightly careworn figure the imagery of colorful heroism. Dull, drab, steady, unenterprising duty . . . ended at the sordid flash of an assassin's gun.

Disraeli—does anyone remember who he was? Lord Beaconsfield, the first Jewish Prime Minister of England; cool, calm, clear-headed; overcoming all handicaps and obstacles, guiding his youthful queen through thorny ways. There is a statue to Disraeli. Ill-fitting clothes cling in apparent wrinkles and wisps of stone. Once a year, April 19, his birthday is commemorated; but not a half a dozen of the world's people, for whom his influence did so much, could tell why a handful of Englishmen wear a primrose on that day. An unromantic figure, possessed of no grace, nor handsome cast of features; just an

honorable man, doing patriotic duty for a flag only his by adoption . . . a hero, unemulated.

It is not hard to prove how little men know of their greatest men. John Howard Payne—can half a score tell that his pen was responsible for the writing of “Home Sweet Home”? He was an American, a writer of a forgotten play, the “Maid of Milan”; immortalizer of an ideal; forgotten, if ever known. He sang of the Hearth as an Altar of God. He idealized home as the foundation of faith, hope and love. He founded a premise, upon which, with youth so trained, when he came to manhood his citizenship would be grounded upon such fundamental virtues.

Three times a day we eat potatoes—bathos, in the midst of heroism, yes,—but Luther Burbank, an unsung hero, for days and months and years has put time and heart and money into perfecting tubers for our delectation. Flowers, fruits, vegetables—we take them casually, calmly. Burbank never killed a man in spectacular fight; he never led men in face of fire, gas or shell. He has only warred on Nature’s enemies . . . coaxed her, wooed her, won her to the giving of products so much

in advance of natural growth that our immature minds fail to grasp the fact.

There is no statue, no monument to Burbank. There is no sword to place in his hand, only a humble hoe. Ha, ha! It is to laugh that youth should emulate the wielder of a hoe!

Edison, another unsung hero. Pasteur, Still, Curé, Pankhurst, Marconi, Stephenson, Newton, the Wright brothers, Bell. Pick them at random . . . men and women who have contributed to the benefit of mankind, aided in the uplift of humanity. Few know their names, none urges youth to be as these, to sacrifice to the honor and glory of country for that indeed which is worth while.

I do not deride the War hero. I do not grudge him prominence earned and deserved, more greatly deserved than any civilian can know, but his very eminence lifts War to a pinnacle with him, where the filthy institution has no right alongside of honorable men.

If heroes and War cannot be thought of separately, then scrap both. Enshrine the thoughts of our men of battle within our hearts, and keep silent in the presence of youth.

A start must be made sometime, somewhere, somehow . . . why not here? The heroic

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veteran will be acquiescent . . . more, he will be pleased. He fought to end Wars. He died to save. He is willing to sacrifice again for the freeing of the world.

CHAPTER XX

JESUS THE HERO

It is my belief that the inspiration of the teachings of Jesus is the only salvation for the world of to-day.

Whether a man be Jew or Gentile, whether we believe Jesus the Son of God in fact, or a son of man inspired by God with infinite faith and understanding such, as all might achieve, we must acknowledge that emulation of his life would be the realized ideal.

Outside of graveyards, in the majority of countries, there are no statues of and no monuments to Jesus. Countries where shrines are built depict a pitying, pitiful Christ with a crown of thorns, the suffering Christ bearing the sins of the world. The only Christ monument which shows the red blood, the fine physique, the courage, steadfast, triumphant, standing for that which He upheld on earth, Peace, Goodwill, is the Christ of the Andes, high on the mountain top, evidence of understanding on one fundamental basis of two

countries and two peoples disagreed on other matters.

Jesus the Friend has been forgotten in the awe of approach, the ceremonial of creed. "Be not afraid" . . . yet we are afraid. There has grown an unaccountable feeling that there is sacrilege in the emulation of Jesus. Men have been ashamed to utter the name except in whispers. Jesus called to the disciples, "Follow me." They, humble men, seeking neither place nor power, committed no sacrilege in placing their feet in the footprints of the Master.

Jesus on the Cross is not a spectacular figure. With arms outstretched, nail prints clear, and agonizing drops upon the brow, the vision does not appeal to youthful imagination as an example for every-day emulation.

In the overwhelming sacrifice there has been forgotten Jesus the healer, the teacher, the preacher, the man among men, the homely visitor in the lowly home of the Marthas and Marys, the happy guest at a festive marriage supper.

Place statues of Jesus in the market-places—Jesus, not the martyr, but Jesus, eager, tense, calling men onward and upward; a new conception of the Jesus of service whom all

men can seek to follow, a vision of a true personality favorable in the minds of all races and all creeds. A statue that in the visioning must make religion, aside from church or synagogue; a vital influence in the easy running of men's lives. Statues which teach youth to hold in common reverence the divine fire in human life. Statues without the mythical pretence of glory rising from a swill-pot of humanity, representing heroism of War. Statues, rather, which in the emulation of vivid life, the glorious power, the hidden mysticism of coming reward, must bring from every man something of the best within him, something wherein each human being may act his rôle in the great miracle play of God.

I have read, though I cannot recall the source, Jesus as "One who walked in the open sunshine of the Galilean hills in the candor of God. One who met men eating and drinking, quick with redemption, exuberant with laughing humor, gesturing with immense great jollity as he made fun of the pious sticklers who strain at a gnat only to swallow a camel. It is in Jesus that the spirit of youth unites and always will unite, for his was a radiant respect for the personality of every man."

Jesus was the embodiment of the power of trust and honesty which make men as one.

Radical changes are difficult. The ultra church-goer might rebel that the sculptured Jesus should stand outside the walls of sanctity, but Jesus, the man, used market-places as pulpits. He stood "without the Temple gates," the seashore at twilight, the lake-side at the dawning of new day, the far mountain top, the humble carriage of an ass's back, the hard roadside, the garden at even. These were the teaching places of Jesus the man.

A daring scheme, but not less to be avoided than the erection of a bronze, the counterpart of a very earthly man, a bronze soldier calling youth onward, "Follow me!" The soldier, the last man on earth to crave for himself a pedestal, who deep in his soul believes it really sacrilege that he should be hailed a "leader of men."

Embody the true soul of our sacrificed soldiers in the pictured presentation of Jesus . . . no rifle, no bayonet, no bomb . . . honor in the face, steadfastness of purpose,—glory ahead, a man among men whom all men may copy. Not to destroy the things which have been sacred in the past, but to perpetuate in living vividness the force which for nearly

two thousand years has been striving to give men the realization of life and life more abundantly.

We, of our generation, are weak and worn and war-stained. "Come unto me and I will give you rest"—so seldom do we recall the words, so reliant have we been upon "might is right."

Could we come upon the monument of Jesus at the turn of the busy highway, read the words, like tired children we would rest awhile; learn "My yoke is easy and my burden is light"; for the burden bearer of men travels the stony way with us.

And the youth, careless, carefree, eager for fame, tensed by the thought of glory . . . wanting to follow where the older generation points to that glory . . . needing glorious adventure . . . dare we who are artists, we who are town citizens, erect for his visioning the statue emblematic of purest chivalry? Jesus the man, who assured the world that our Father knew even unto the falling to the ground of a tiny sparrow, that told us of the accomplishment of the true brotherhood of man; who set men free of warring devils and by faith and faith alone worked miracles of

service toward the peace and goodwill of mankind.

It is not too late to start another foundation of life, yet, we can delay too long; to the youth, the unborn generations of men we can leave a message of hope.

The world cannot live without a popular hero. A united world could have a universal hero; but the victorious heroes of one country spell to the other downfall, defeat, disgrace . . . they will have none of our particular popular one, nor we of theirs . . . he is anathema.

Jesus alone can be universal. Popularize Jesus the *man*, not the saint, not the risen Lord . . . believe in these if you will, deny them if you will . . . Jew or Gentile . . . to all thinking humanity, Jesus the man must be a figure supreme in ideals of service, chastity of action, sympathetic, kind, patient, chivalrous, gallant, glorious . . . a popular ideal.

Then, I say . . . regenerate the world of to-morrow. Start to-day . . . gather youth at the monument of a man, unhampered by tragic memories of killing, of legal murder, without handicap of filth or mud or blood or

rotting bodies, to stay his progress; someone to emulate with a clean start and a brilliant ending. Glorious . . . the popularization of Jesus the Hero Man!

CHAPTER XXI

THE SUPERIOR RACE

ONLY four per cent. of the human race, taking the available school record figures in sixty nations of the world, ever get any schooling after the age of fourteen years.

From six years to fourteen there is stuffed into the composite cranium of the world's great majority the fundamental principles which go to rule the world, for by force of numbers the semi-lettered ninety-six per cent. rule the earth, the lettered minority talk and write—suggest, hope to lead—but, with the bit between its teeth, they are helpless before the tempestuous onslaught of the vast group called the mass.

All we ever know, we of the ninety-six per cent. from a definite reservoir of knowledge is given us between those years, six to fourteen.

In twelve nations, some smaller countries like Mexico, Spain, Italy,—some more powerful, Japan, Britain, America, France, Germany, I have asked boys of thirteen years this question, "What do you think of your country,

your army, your navy?" And always, without exception, I have received the same answer, "My country has never been conquered; my army, my navy never defeated. We are the greatest in the world; we can clean up anything and anybody in six weeks."

I at the age of thirteen felt the same, was convinced of the infallibility of my reasoning. I had been told so.

It is a fact, too, that kings, presidents, prime ministers read from the same texts, glean knowledge from the same reservoirs. Their early training and the analysis of their young minds does not differ greatly, if it differs at all, from the mind of the average lad in these impressionable years.

It is a fact that in a time of national stress the early training along the lines of our own greatness always crops to the surface before experience enlightens the mind. Abraham Lincoln, mentioned before, great leader as he was, in 1861, upon his first call for soldiers, enlisted his first army of sixty-five thousand men, and signed them for ninety days, and ninety days only. An erroneous optimism based upon false premises and false conceptions. Northern mothers and fathers must have remarked, through natural sadness that

blood brother should clash with blood brother, "Never mind, it will be over in six weeks, boys." And they wrung the hands of the young soldiers. And the Southern adherents said the same. "Let them come. Who are they? Ours is the winning and the right."

Back into the thousands of years, analyze carefully, find any generation after the horrors of the last conflict are forgotten. The beginning of another War is easy.

First, it is for what the generation of the day do *not* know about War. Second, it is easy for what the generation of the moment knows, has suckled with its mother's milk, believes implicitly of and in its own greatness.

Eager in 1914 . . . ours not to reason why. "We British always muddle through. No question that we do not win."

Our own greatness, our own superiority. Pride of race, pride of country, the booster spirit. I admire them. I uphold it. I honor the flag of my own country, and that of my adopted country. I believe true patriotism lies in such a love for my motherland that it is treason to disrespect other countries. I believe that in my personal respect, my honor to do my best that is in me; that in my conscientious duties as a citizen lies my deepest

patriotism. In my good manners abroad, in my modesty when a guest of another land, in my welcoming courtesy when host in my own.

Patriotism—love of my land, so deep, so true, so lasting—to any length must I go to save her and to save the world from another degradation of War.

War does not elevate patriotism . . . War debases all that it touches.

The true patriot is no snob, and pride of race, pride of place has degenerated into race snobbishness. We abhor the snob in the individual, the illbred, boasting, offensive cur; the man, save the mark, who calls forth race prejudice, who delights in differences, who is charmed by holding customs up to jeering comparison. Race pride turned to snobbishness is an error. It backfires. Turkey the superior wipes out Armenians as cumberers of the earth—cumberers of the place where Turks alone should be. British wallow in an "Indian situation," an Egyptian, an Irish problem. It is a superiority consciousness, not deliberate, but innate through centuries of inaccurate training.

The United States treads warily when one speaks of lynchings. Here is a free negro race, subject to untimely mistreatments, un-

frequent yet happening. It is nothing but the superiority complex which finds its most fertile seeding place in the child mind; is hoed and watered in eight years of varied schooling, in all nations, and evolves itself a master snob when occasion demands.

“Hold your head up. Walk straight. Remember who you are.” I shall always recall those words from my tutor of the day. “Remember who you are.” And I held my head up, carried myself straight, and my eyes slanted toward the other who was not as I.

Pharisees . . . sinners.

And what has all this to do with War? This is a fundamental of War. The superior being is sure of winning. Therefore, in War there is nothing to appal. The superior country—for the individual in mass is the country—represents an opinion divergent from its own. Our rights, ours and ours only.

War . . . and the other fellow has no rights.

We are all equal in the sight of God. I never heard that as a child, did you? Yes, I may have, as I sat in durance on hard seats, on warm Sundays, and heard with one unheeding ear harsh tenets of a resentful, avenging, dreadful God. With the other ear I

heard the flutter of butterfly wings, the saw of fascinating insects, the twitter of birds, the swish of trout in the brook. Nobody told me these things are God. Only one hour of one day in the week . . . I heeded nothing of it. Because I was christened in a particular church—which was the *right* church—I was superior to other fellows in another worshiping place—saved anyhow by that very fact. What did it matter? Superior in my religion, superior in all requirements, the law of love toward my fellow man never struck my pride-encased heart.

Patronize . . . ah, there's the word! To patronize another race does not mean that we are patriots.

Until the world learns what it means to pull together with other people, we shall never have the realization of the real patriot. And we can never learn to pull together, so long as our fundamental instruction teaches us, impregnates us with the false idea that one of us is worth half a dozen others.

Britain, through no conscious fault of her rulers, has lost innumerable valuable lives through the fallacious idea of superiority. Punitive expeditions, right or wrong, have been sent with half a dozen white officers, a

score of white non-commissioned men, a hundred loyal rank and file of color—sent against a horde of well-organized savages. And the newspapers wonder why the expedition has been wiped out. Oh, they've come through many times . . . just sufficiently often to tighten the mesh of the romantic tale, "We, the Nordic races!"

Again and again and again—not Britain alone—America . . . first. France . . . first. Germany . . . ahead of all. The same old tale, the same old story, and the same old result . . . easy war.

"Tread on the tail of me coat," says Pat, and he spreads its flowing ends . . . every country does the same.

We dare each other, and one day somebody calls the dare.

As long as superiority of race, of custom, of family, of soldiery, of ancestry, is taught in the schools of the world, just so long will the youth of the world—a generation after War's horrors are completely forgotten—yell aggressively, "We licked them once, we can lick them again! Come on, fellows. They've trod on the tail of me coat. Let's go!"

War . . . but not patriotic War.

War is swank, parade of greater force. It

respects no person. It is nationalism gone wild.

The influences of childhood color the whole pageantry of life. The child of sordid surroundings emerges tinged with bitterness. The child cradled in cruelty becomes enmeshed in the vindictive thought, get even. The child enshrined in pride and placed on an altar of superiority becomes obnoxious with blatant snobbery. The child nurtured in love, in equality, in understanding, in the grave rites that there is a place in the world for every man, for you, for me; the child who respects himself and in his own self-respect learns the respect of other children—of children of other lands—he becomes the man who “gives credit where credit is due” . . . cries “live and let live” . . . knows for his country and his country’s flag so great a reverence that no degrading office dare smirch its folds. He loves mightily and is true in all things.

The possibilities of universal and everlasting peace are continually with the child of God, and Man’s highest duty must be to find expression for these possibilities.

We are not the greatest on the earth . . . neither you nor I.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox said:

“One ship drives East and another West,
With the self-same winds that blow.
’Tis the set of the sails
And not the gales
Which decides the way to go.”

Set the sails of childhood. In 1914, with three million others the set of my sails took me flying before the gale of War. False patriotism . . . national egotism!

Yes, I know. I do not regret. The gale of War blew. Duty demanded that we weather it. We did. But set the sails of youth *away* from War; remove the overwhelming vanity from the pages of our instruction books; fill the grade readers with stories of brave men who sacrificed that the world be one and that humanity be saved. Remove from the heart and soul of youth one more cause of War.

Six to fourteen . . . pathetic years . . . helpless, when our progenitors do to us as they will. Can we right the wrong toward our children, or consciously knowing that race pride leads to tremendous disaster, are we going to send our sons into it shackled, manacled, blindfolded?

God forbid! The plastic record of my life

holds deeply impressed, national egotism—the I am I. Can I obliterate the record?

God have mercy on our children, for we have no mercy upon them!

CHAPTER XXII

THE TEXTBOOKS OF TO-DAY

IT is our children who must pay in Peace, and die in War.

After four years of the vilest, rottenest experience known to man, then five years of ineffective, half-hearted efforts at reconstruction, it would be reasonable to suppose that the governments of the world, particularly in the so-called highly civilized ones—American, British, French—enough would have been learned from the late mess to insist upon putting down in plain language for the sake of posterity—the children of to-day and to-morrow and yet again to-morrow—the real truth concerning War.

With the exception of the new Austrian Republic which makes tentative efforts at educational alteration, disarmament of textbooks; Japan that speaks of removing the militaristic spirit from school training; Bulgaria that institutes a "Civic Service" with uniform . . . the paraphernalia of equipment, conscriptive drafts and all the rest of it . . . to appeal

to the old attractive force,—no one yet has made a definite stride in locating, at least more or less certainly, an outlet for true patriotism—an ideal in the training of children to love of country through service—men and women alike—boy and girl on equal terms.

I write from definite knowledge when I say that at this very moment, in the printing houses of France and of England, Germany and the United States, school histories of the late War are in the making . . . the same inexcusable lie that was handed out to our great-grandfathers and to ourselves is being prepared now for our sons and daughters; the same poisonous virulence intensified.

France, the dainty, feminine land of beauty—country of an idealized Lafayette—the country of a people so strong in their sense of rightness that from the smoking ruins of a revolution they evolved a great land; France, generous, facile, eager, tense, vital, has succumbed to the arid fascinations of revenge; has fallen victim to crude pen portraits, and scourges her youth to revenge, hatred, rancor, bitterness, vindictive choler—seedlings of another War more frightful than the last.

France has bled, sorrowed, been a crucified offering to the molten image of the ruthless

god, War. But why does fair France smirch her 'scutcheon, the white, pale lilies of her land, by teaching her young the fiery recitations which must breed War? I take up the textbooks, lectures to the little ones. The first textbook is for tiny children. On the fly-leaf thus:

"Au petit enfant donnez le petit livre."
V. Hugo.

One hundred and twenty-seven pages. Up to page one hundred and fourteen the book is a delight . . . pictures of home life . . . the farm . . . the factory . . . the products of the world. And there are other pictures for the imaging of the tiny mind. Then come thirteen pages of War . . . pictures of tiny children playing at soldiers . . . the passing through the village of an unknown army . . . behold, it is *les Allemands!* A small child gets in the way, seven years old he is, the age of the child who reads the story. A German soldier becomes impatient, fires his gun . . . the child falls dead, shot through the heart.

Another lesson and another picture of wounded . . . the burning of Rheims Cathedral. "To-morrow it will be a mass of ruins. They respect nothing, *les misérables*. They have killed children, women, old people, fin-

ished our wounded, burned houses, bombarded hospitals, ambulances, they do not recoil from any crime. Looking me in the eyes, my son, I charge you do not forget any of these things, these crimes."

And thus: "I promise you, my mother."

True, every word true. Outrages, atrocities, horrors, sacrilege, wanton murders. France, France! I saw your scarred land. I marched along the Ypres-Menin road, I saw those cowed, white, quivering young girls, the refugees. I know . . . *ma Belge* . . . *ma France!*

But France, is it fair? No, no, I make no plea for our late enemy, no thought of Germany enters my mind. Is it fair to your own country, France?

Are you right to pass on to the generation who are now your children, the awful, the appalling task of revenge? Remember, if you instil revenge in the soul and spirit of your youth, you breed another War. You are lowering yourselves to the level of an aggressive enemy. To bring revenge, your children must sin vilely. You will be dead and gone. From afar you will view your own handiwork in the smashed bodies of your helpless child victims.

You have taught them War. War is sin

and the wages of sin is death . . . to the third and fourth generations.

You are drilling hatred, that which curdles the blood and sours the mind, hatred into the soul of the little pupil, and he cannot outgrow it before he bows lowly in the audience chamber of God Almighty. Will you answer for his sin?

France has suffered hideously. Her children, who are *la patrie*, they could escape, they could grow in forgiveness of spirit, in high ideals, in an abhorrence of War and the dirty abominable practices which have grown from War's madness. I have no reason to love our late enemy. I am mutilated of body and suffer daily. But Germans as Germans did not do these things; it was a country of madmen, educated for War, bred for War, instilled from babyhood with the virus and poison of unreasoning hate . . . exaggerated egotism . . . national pride fostered beyond sanity . . . the actions of a homicidal lunatic.

France, there is still a soul unsmirched in your youth, still pure, clean, holy as come the child souls of all nations from the sacred stores of the Divine Creator, without distinction of race or color or creed. The child is the trust, the country, France . . . if you would save

all, you must save the soul of childhood from the bloody frothing mouth of War.

Is France the only nation, who stirring with the smart of sores would have a revengeful God inspire the children?

No. Did America study any history which gave her youth a love slant toward England? "We licked them once. What are the chances again?"

It is true, and not we, but the children for whom we are responsible suffer.

Britain, what does she learn of the States? Nothing. A dastardly silence in the history books of our day that makes for indifference . . . worse, it makes for contempt—contempt of our own blood brothers, sprung from common stock.

If my grandfather rebelled, I am not responsible. If I rebel, my children shall not reap my punishment, carry my grievance, nor shoulder my quarrel.

Germany, Italy, Canada, Australia, England,—a dozen other nations are preparing the same histories of bias and subtle, hidden hate. Not all are as honest as France. There is Germany printing money with shadowy overlays of the enemy nation sucking, sucking at the throat. We mark the spot of outrage.

We cry, "Lest we forget," when God, in His mercy, would have us implore, "Let us forget!"

I have read somewhere something like this which follows:

"British and French troops tried repeatedly to capture the famous ridge of Paschendale. Every attempt failed until the Canadians came. The Canadians upon taking over this sector of the line and seeing the position an impregnable one to be taken by a frontal attack, invented a new mode of warfare. Our engineers started a tunneling operation under the enemies' lines, and by working for months and years, night and day, the Canadian engineers finally completed this undertaking. Thousands of tons of dynamite were placed in the tunnel, and to give the enemy a real surprise our engineers connected the fuse with a wire to the then Prime Minister's office in London.

"Early one morning, at a given signal, while sitting at his desk, the Premier touched a button, and immediately up went the whole division of Germans in dust. The indomitable Canadians now rushed to the attack under cover of a perfect barrage. Every position which had hitherto proved a barrier to other

troops we now overcame. Every point was captured and consolidated, except that on the front of the First Infantry Brigade. The Brigade was held up by a series of German pill-boxes, and the Brigade was annihilated, all except one man, a corporal. This young hero, facing it seemed sure and certain death, pressed on. Loaded down with hand grenades he bombed his way forward, and although wounded several times, he alone succeeded in capturing the series of four German pill-boxes. He marched eighteen Germans and twenty-four machine guns to the rear. He was recommended for the Victoria Cross, and this was pinned upon his breast by the King. The American Congressional Medal was given to him, the Medal Militaire of France, and several other decorations. He was kissed on both cheeks by the President of France. This is for the Canadian boy to emulate."

That is what we call modern history. I am wondering if the boy of seven or eight reading this story—the American boy, Turkish, German, Australian—any boy of eight or nine, being taught in his textbook a happening of a similar nature from his own armies—I am wondering if his subconscious self gets the right bias? What does he get from such a record

of War? Does he get the story of the Wooden Cross, or the heroism and glory of burnished steel? In the one word, "annihilated," the historian—for the mental power of the child of seven, eight or nine—forgot to describe the death of possibly three thousand men . . . but he did describe the gallantry of the lone corporal.

With teachings such as that quoted, rife throughout the world, when the boy who is grounded in a substance such as this becomes the government of his country years hence, and the issue of War comes up, will that boy, from what he is taught, stop and ponder the reality of the awful word?

I do not think so.

Although the corporal unquestionably deserves all credit, all honor, is a great hero, his action should not be enshrined to be emulated under similar circumstances. Assuredly the schoolboy will say, "Gee, wasn't he great! Why wasn't I old enough to go? I wonder when they're going to start the next?" These teachings are deliberately paving the way to the next War.

Because it is man's nature to treat great dangers passed lightly, any man who has ever gone through one or more battles would tell

of that experience in more or less of a flippant way. If his heart would speak out, if he had the immortal courage to dare the public opinion of ages, he would probably tell the same story thus:

“Hard-headed generals, without sentiment and with compassion, smothered by circumstances and strict military training, for many weary months had tried vainly to capture from the enemy a position which appeared impregnable to human agency. This was the famous ridge at Paschendale. For months, at intervals, they had sent the cream of renowned regiments with instructions to get this position, to do or die . . . and these men had died. Wallowing across plains of earth torn until the rockbed showed . . . riddled with mud holes . . . ragged with scars . . . for days men strove to lift wearied feet, each step forward but to prelude two steps dragged back with the weight of groaning clay. Men rushed at times when exasperation drove them onward . . . and they fell, drowned in mud, choking, gasping, silent. Or the enemy’s guns riddled them with holes, blew from them their limbs, ate great portions of their bodies as they fell, entrails trailing. Rats, loathsome insects, hateful horrors of the grave, crawled over men

not yet dead; gnawed at helpless bodies, beings who sometimes moaned for water, who sometimes cried for succor, or, cursed. There was no help, for no stretcher could be brought across that acreage of death.

“As each successive attempt was made against this ridge, the pile of dead grew higher. Sometimes men took the moldering bodies of dead brothers to shelter them from the fury of molten rain, stuffed them in gunny sacks, doubled them tight. The stench appalled.

“Then, when direct action had failed in every degree, the hard-headed generals and the hard-headed engineers called in conference, decided to try artifice. The enemy must be dislodged. It was vital that no more of our men be lost in futile endeavor such as this. There were other points where now even one man’s strength counted greatly. So the engineers took hold . . . dug . . . dug . . . dug again . . . night and day for more days and weeks and months until the enemy’s position was undermined . . . a labyrinthine tunnel, a tunnel filled with thousands of tons of dynamite. But what of that? It was War. The tunnel was complete. A wire was attached to a fuse, a button touched. Unwarned, unheeded, a hundred thousand of the enemy—

young men as our young men—sons of mothers—went to face the judgment of another world than ours . . . where? We triumphed. And the cost? Our troops advanced. Hundreds of men rushed forward, massing across the shell-swept zone, covered by a barrage of our own artillery, until the heavens were blotted out with a crimson curtain reflecting the blackening blood of thousands stretched beneath it.

“The smell of death met the nostrils. Bits of men, human matter, sank softly beneath the tread. Human bones, skulls, hanks of hair, blank eyes crunched below the hobnailed boots . . . and our troops rushed on. All, except one Brigade, the First Brigade of Canadians, and of those but one man was left fighting. Annihilation . . . death . . . destruction . . . horrors . . . the taking of Paschendale . . . War!”

A horrible story for the boy of eight or nine; an even more dreadful tale for the girl of the same age; yet true. A story deliberately calculated to destroy before its conception the virus of War which is just as deliberately, though unknowingly, inoculated into the veins of children by the milder, more melodious telling.

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Thus, in a decade of time no effective measures to assure peace have been taken. Neither churches, governments, women's organizations, labor, nor other bodies. There has been ample opportunity. We of our generation know the truth. Seeds of hate are already being sown . . . War will be the harvest.

We are militarizing the very thinking soul of youth, hypocrites that we are—liars. I hear prayers daily . . . prayers, bah! vain repetitions: "Lead us not into temptation . . . forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. . . ."

You, who read and have done nothing unto the end that the plague of War be banished from earth, cover your heads in shame. Crawl on your knees, grovel before Almighty God, confess that you have soiled your lips with false prayers, that you are countenancing the damning of your children to a hell . . . blacker, hotter, more devilish than the old, soured covenanter's blackest, lowest, bloodiest hell.

You . . . I . . . for we know and knowing . . . sin.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE DAWN OF SOMETHING BETTER

As the heart of the world, the mind and soul of the world is to-day constituted, spiritually organized for War, it always has been. I would not be a party to propaganda for immediate and external disarmament of nations. Soldiers, sailors, battleships, guns, militaristic trappings, will automatically cease as the minds and souls and hearts of men receive the golden education of Peace . . . not pacifism in its old time, misunderstood sense.

The army and navy are not wrong. I would not attempt by word or thought to stop a man, who genuinely believes these institutions requisite, from joining them.

The military are simply doing their duty as they see it. They call upon us to anticipate another War, and they are right in that. If no effective measures toward Peace are put in operation, then, should disaster overtake the world, we would blame those intrusted with the defense of our nations. But a too big army

in the hands of any country breeds a disposition to use it . . . or find excuse to use it.

Disarmament is an impossibility unless world-wide. If the minds and souls and hearts of humanity remain war-soaked, then armies and navies are easily re-created.

We have not yet tried Peace, although War has proved a failure over and over again. World-wide education for Peace . . . something formative, something definite, constructive, possible, probable, already taking its first hesitant steps under the shadow of huge guns . . . huge planes . . . huge ships . . . huger mutterings, thunderings and threats of War.

Education is rational and practical. War cannot stop on a sentimental note, nor permanent Peace drift in on a lazy tide.

The next War threatens, but it is not here yet. It has come perilously close; but men know that though economic problems may choke the ocean tideways, though commercial and political rivalries darken the skies, no Wars can be while the mind of the countries, the composite force of peoples, refuses to put its might behind the enterprise.

No "next" War . . . for men and women know. No War at all, if men and women will

tell the youth of the world that which they do know . . . and if they tell it now.

But if the countries of the world are not going to get together and prepare for Peace, then they had better prepare adequately for War.

The plan for any system of thought is "to get them young." Start with the children; convince the parents; convince the teachers—and the work is done.

Women are the natural enemies of destruction, for their mission in life is creation. Women are the mothers of men, and through them can come the high standard of uplift.

People are thinking along the lines of Peace. The suggestion of the world working together toward one end is acceptable. It is radical. It startles some; but fifty years ago universal woman suffrage was more startling yet; prohibition some years back was a jest; now these things are facts.

We can organize for Peace. If there can come at call through the vast organization of War forces of ten million men, numberless women, at the lift of a finger to fall into the ranks of doing,—organization for Peace can come under the same method.

Peace is not a popular word. War, through

the spiritual armaments of the world, wraps the imagination in glorious figments. Peace is a word long robbed of charm, unromantic, threatening people with the dull monotony of duteous days.

Popularize Peace. Four-minute men at a moment's notice could give inspired messages in every theater, church, concert hall, meeting place the world over . . . for War. There were hundreds, thousands of them. Now . . . how many will stand out for Peace?

Conferences . . . we have had many disarmament conferences. Such conferences are useful not only when nations differ, but when they seek to agree.

For economy, for security, the world—now too small for any one nation to act alone—must disarm together—step by step, patiently, until complete effectiveness is reached, and spiritual disarmament is a realization.

We want a world organization which means progress, and Peace is a progressive virtue. The schools in the course of one generation can change the trend of world thought.

War intensifies international ill feeling. As dogs will fight over the bones on a licked platter, so nations scramble for the bones with still

some pickings of fat attached, or, mayhap, for the marrow hidden in its ossified length.

There is no doubt but that men and women throughout the world are planning to resist the next War; but the definite organization—ironical paradox—is still a matter of dispute. Most people recognize that the nations have outgrown War. It is unsatisfactory. It breeds others of its kind.

The time is ripe. . . .

There has been a world conference on education. The children make the countries, and the fundamental fact has been proved that children are alike the world over.

This conference was of sixty nations. It aimed to promote friendship, justice and goodwill among the nations of the earth; to bring a world-wide tolerance of the rights and privileges of all nations, aside from race or creed; to secure more satisfactory information in the textbooks used in the schools of the different countries; to procure national comradeship and confidence; to inculcate into the minds and hearts of the rising generation spiritual values for the better understanding of the people; to emphasize in all schools unity of mankind; to emphasize the evils of War and the necessity for universal Peace.

There should be a universal aim in teaching the history of a country, in order to show the social, economic and political development of the nation, and to show the relationships of these three lines of activities to similar lines of development in other countries of the world. The teaching of history should be begun in the early grades, and should be taught from the *world* point of view. Specific principles which can be developed through the teaching of history which directly promote international good-will are: impartial judgment, justice, national and personal modesty, co-operation, and honor.

The welfare of the world demands that the citizens of each nation should become more intelligent about other peoples, their social conditions, their forms of government, and their national ideals. This might well become a universal aim in the teaching of geography. Specific principles which can be developed through the teaching of geography are: interdependence, courage, enterprise, neighborliness, and mutual understanding.

The possibilities in the teaching of literature which will develop ideals of justice and good-will are boundless. Specific principles which can be developed through the teaching

of literature are: appreciation, courtesy, unselfishness, service, sportsmanship, truthfulness, and human sympathy.

The idea which should permeate the teaching in all countries is that of service . . . service to humanity.

There is established an Association for Peace Education. It is its belief that we must rid teaching of the falsehoods concerning other nations, and impart instead a full knowledge of all the facts, imbuing them with a spirit of friendship for all races and countries.

We know that such a task as this challenges the brains and efforts of the nations. To accomplish it, the problem must be attacked from many angles and by hundreds of different people. The people of the world must be aroused to the evils of their history teaching and textbooks. They must come to demand that the truth be told; the existing textbooks must be surveyed, analyzed thoroughly so that all may know what are the relative merits and demerits of each book. New textbooks must be compiled, teachers interested in the newer methods, and speakers from all countries trained to go out and carry the message. The goal is so important, that there is necessity for the efforts of all.

There is a dawn appearing. The clouds of the War spirit which still grips the nations are clearing a little. A small rift appears in the dark fog of misunderstanding.

And there is faith and hope. There is coming forgiveness, forgetfulness of self, a dawn of something better, something finer to hand to our children . . . their children . . . and theirs.

CHAPTER XXIV

CHANGE CANNOT COME IN A DAY

CHANGES take time. Haste but defeats its own purpose. Go slow. Keep everlastingly at a thing, and success results.

We cannot plunge straight and headlong into this thing. There are opposing forces, centuries old. A man creeps before he walks, walks before he runs, runs before he flies.

Go slow, but don't stand still. If you have not done anything yet, do something now.

I put a resolution before the International Educational Conference. It was acclaimed. Here it is . . . do you subscribe to it?

"The world has always been organized for War, both externally in material things, and internally through the individual units of mind.

"To advocate the outward material disarmament of nations alone cannot of itself bring permanent Peace.

"The heart, the soul, the mind of mankind is, by the influence of past generations, well prepared to receive the seeds of War. To disarm the heart, soul, and mind, therefore, would

be the first world move in the endeavor to bring about permanent Peace.

"Whereas the teaching in the schools of the various nations, particularly through the instrument of history, has tended, during the most impressionable ages of the pupils, to emphasize unduly the glories of War, and by comparison to minimize the glorious works of Peace;

"And whereas such teaching has produced a most fertile field for the development of the seeds of national jealousies and prejudices ultimately leading to War;

"Be it, then, resolved that we as representative educators of the world go on record as pledging ourselves to encourage by every means within our own nations the abolition of such teaching as tends to accentuate the differences between nations, and to substitute therefor the teaching of the spirit of Peace, friendship, and good-will, giving due place to those of all nations in every walk of life, who have contributed to the advancement of civilization."

Mr. Charlesworth, another Canadian, submitted that an educational attaché, who should be recognized as an educational expert of the

highest rank, be provided for each embassy or legation.

And from my friend Mr. J. S. Bothwell, of Oregon, I glean the following:

"There is no question as to War being a hideous evil, and, viewed in that light, the office of Secretary for War or Minister of War would mean in other words Secretary for Greatest Evil or Minister of Greatest Evil. And who would wish to bear such a title as that?

"If the world is not yet ready to accept even the word Peace, why not still use the old word War with the word Prevention added to it? How much better it would sound Secretary for Prevention of War, or Minister of War Prevention!"

World Courts, World Leagues, and Peace Pacts can save a generation from War; but they cannot and will not obtain permanent Peace in so far as they have no purpose or plan for dealing with youth.

The Hague Conference has been a start, and accomplished good; yet it could be violated . . . has been violated grievously. There is no one to correct the ways of those who would deviate from its courses.

Who can help? Everybody. Every soldier

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who understands what War means . . . every parent who lost a dear one "over there" . . . every honest man, every honest woman, honest in the sight of God. Every patriot of this country or any other country will know he best serves the homeland who conserves her children. Nations can help . . . churches . . . clubs . . . chambers of commerce, Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions. Save your children . . . save your country . . . save your business! Women's organizations can also work through a myriad different centers, in a thousand different ways.

Who organized your town for Red Cross? Who instituted the Liberty Bond sale? Who arranged for enlistments? Who volunteered as four-minute men? Who are the men who for a dollar a year gave time and strength and enthusiasm to War? More . . . where are they? Is permanent Peace worth a few hours' time a week?

No one nation alone. There will be lag-gard countries—stragglers—yet someone can start; someone can send the long, clear call of true liberty of mankind echoing round the world.

Disarm spiritually, ye peoples of the earth! Loose the mind, the heart, the soul from the

leaden time-weighted shackles of hidebound War! The countries of the world are slaves to their own deliberate folly.

In the re-creation of men's souls, in the education of youth, in the international common meeting places of the world's schoolhouses,—therein lies the hope of humanity. There Earth wins her accolade of Peace,

CHAPTER XXV

DEFOE

“MY son . . . his little child . . . my grandson . . . ah! monsieur, it is too much. I have read, I have learned; you have photographed my thoughts. You have turned my feelings into written words. I thank you, monsieur. I, Henri Defoe, am satisfied.

“You say, not much done. Maybe, perhaps not . . . but a start. You convict me . . . the murderer I am. You tell of the killing of not my seven men alone, but of seventy times seven, and again and again seventy.

“You have pointed the road to repentance. You have dared to show broken men a vision of salvation.

“They are all so young . . . so young . . . like my daughter . . . like her child . . . like my son. They start afresh. They have no grudge against the other child—the child of him who was my enemy.

“No look of pleading, no horror to come in their eyes, no haunting by the crushed sockets of vacant dead eyes . . . they shall not rip

the heart from a brother man . . . they will love.

“And I am glad—I—a hero. I shall not have a hero for my son . . . no War hero, he, for there will be no War. His world service shall be heroic. His devotion to his country honorable. His life pure—bathed about in the glory of holy things . . . a great reward. Monsieur, my son—could—look . . . the great God in the face . . . could he not? I . . . never. I . . . killed.

“Perhaps no king, no president will pin upon his breast a medal. Perhaps he will have the strong, firm handclasp of honest friendship from one plain man to another.

“Home-bordered avenues, green parks where children play, shall they grace the name of my son? Perhaps not, yet I grieve not . . . for his shall be an unsullied conscience.

“Yes, they may perhaps name avenues, streets, parks for him . . . for he—free from rage, hate, bitterness, the aftermath of murder—will have time for other things. No, my son may perform wonders for humanity, and they will acclaim him with a louder voice than I . . . I . . . my virtues drowned in the rattle of musketry.

“You have told the truth, *mon ami*. There

are those who will have hard thoughts of you . . . those to malign . . . but there will be those of your comrades to uphold. We, your comrades in War, know.

"It is right. The truth is always right. War is madness. War is hell completed here on earth. I have known hell gibbering with murdered souls . . . creeping, crawling . . . gangling at men's tortured minds.

"My son, he shall not see, he shall not learn. Pure, from heaven he has come . . . by right of love from the womb of his sainted mother . . . my son, her son, filled with the joy of living. Knowing service from his youth, loving his country for what his country stands . . . brotherhood, universal comradeship, understanding, friendship! Glorious, gallant . . . chivalrous!

"Monsieur, my son shall be in truth a
MAN!"

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